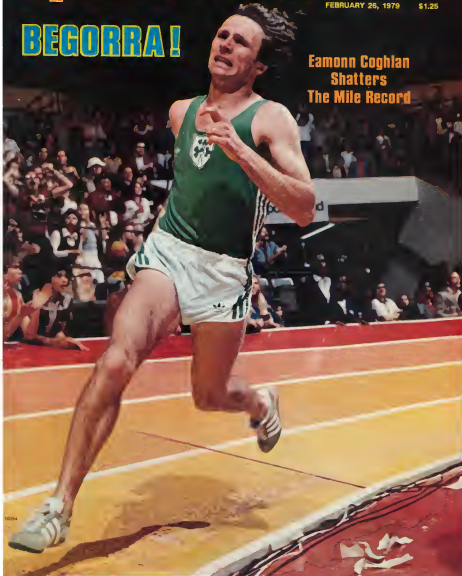


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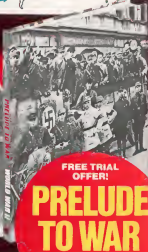
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



SCHWARTZ: A NEW YORK RED SOX FAN

Jonathan Schwartz, who wrote the story about last year's Yankee-Red Sox playoff which begins on page 56, heard his first Red Sox game on a radio in Boston's Ritz Carlton hotel. He was eight years old, it was October of 1946, and about two miles down Commonwealth Avenue, in Fenway Park, the St. Louis Cardinals were playing the Red Sox for the world championship. With Jonathan were his father, songwriter Arthur Schwartz, and lyricist Ira Gershwin, who were in town for a preview of their musical *Park Avenue*. Neither Jonathan nor his father left Boston feeling very happy. The play was panned, and the Sox, whom Jonathan had adopted as his team, lost in the seventh game in St. Louis, as he heard at the Ritz.

Despite his enduring attachment to the Red Sox, Schwartz is a New Yorker. He was born in Manhattan, and was educated there. For nine years he conducted a music show on WNEW-FM, one of the city's most popular radio stations, and is now heard on WNEW-AM every Sunday morning. He has sung at Michael's Pub on the very stage where Woody Allen tootles his clarinet Monday evenings, writes a monthly column for a New York paper, *The Village Voice*, and on March 9 his first novel (and second book), *Distant Stations*, will be published.

Schwartz attributes his almost manic relationship with the Red Sox to Ted Williams. "Everything about Williams

was unorthodox," he says. "He seemed to have his own set of rules, and he didn't have a roommate. As an only child, I related to that." Jonathan hitchhiked to Boston for games, getting rooftop tickets from a friend of his father's who worked at the Ritz and finding less glamorous sleeping accommodations—Boston Common. To this day, he cannot fall asleep before knowing how the Sox did.

For the last five years, on Super Bowl Sunday, Schwartz has defiantly presented a "Salute to Baseball" on his morning show, on which he often plays Frank Sinatra recordings, of which he may well be the world's leading collector. But that's another story.

Do New Yorkers actually tune in to hear about Carlton Fisk's 12th-inning home run in the '75 Series or Fred Lynn's 10 RBIs in one game in '75? Well, at least one person does. Yankee Coach Elton Howard has called to let Schwartz know how much he enjoyed his show.

Staff Writer Jeannette Bruce died last week after a short illness. She was 57. Jeannette first came to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* 24 years ago as a secretary, but her skill with words and her special talent for turning minor misadventures into sidesplitting catastrophes soon made it obvious that her forte was telling stories. So we sent her up in a hot-air balloon—and she got stuck in a pine tree. She trekked up Annapurna—and chocolate bars in her pack melted and welded her socks together. She crossed the Sahara in a Land-Rover—and left a trail of forgotten laundry drying on thornbushes across the desert.

Jeannette's latest story for *SI* was an account of her battle to keep some wily squirrels from her bird feeders. As expected, she put up a feisty—and funny—fight. And, as expected, the squirrels were ahead.

Life is going to be a lot duller without Jeannette and her extraordinary misadventures.

Kelly F. Sullivan

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

PUTTING CART BEFORE THE SPORT

Few anti-Establishment uprisings have achieved more dramatic results than the one staged by the leading owners and drivers of Indianapolis-style cars. Unhappy with high costs and low purses, Dan Gurney, A. J. Foyt, Roger Penske and other luminaries last fall formed an organization called CART (an acronym for Championship Auto Racing Teams) and began pressuring the ruling United States Auto Club for reforms. USAC resisted at first, but then capitulated, introducing engine rule changes to reduce costs, offering owners a larger say in policymaking and promising to push for bigger purses. CART's founders could have returned to the fold claiming victory.

Instead, they are now bidding for outright control of the sport. On March 11, CART will launch its own tentative schedule of six events with a 150-mile race in Phoenix. USAC will begin its eight-race series with a 200-mile at Ontario, Calif. on March 25. Everybody choose sides, please; this is civil war.

The schism strains racing's already thin resources. Both CART and USAC will have trouble filling fields in their respective events. Uncertain about where the drivers will be, TV networks have been cutting back coverage. The only national deal is NBC's commitment to televise a number of CART races. Meanwhile, USAC is having trouble renewing its network radio tieup. Sponsors are restless, too.

CART claims to have many of the big-name drivers, but its hopes for a quick knockout of USAC were probably dashed when founding father Foyt recently redefected to USAC. "CART's original goals have changed," Foyt explained. "The USAC board agreed to work with us. I didn't think the deal with CART was to conquer the world."

One of the few racing figures who have managed to stay more or less above the fray is Joe Cloutier, president of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. The lady 500 remains a USAC event, but such is

its prestige that the CART secessionists wouldn't dream of skipping it. Sounding a diplomatic note, Cloutier says of the CART-USAC split, "It's a thoroughly unfortunate circumstance. I'm not saying who is right and who is wrong. But it's too bad for racing."

WOODY GOES HOLLYWOOD

The night before Woody Hayes turned 66 on Valentine's Day, there was a party in his honor at Chasen's, a Hollywood restaurant popular with film folk. The bash was thrown by Koch-Kirkwood Productions, which wheeled out a huge birthday cake bedecked with fresh roses and announced to assembled reporters that it had acquired the movie and hard-cover book rights to Woody's life story.

The men behind the deal, Howard Koch Jr. and Gene Kirkwood, are figures to be reckoned with in filmdom: Koch was an executive producer of *Heaven Can Wait* and Kirkwood held the same position on *Rocky*. They wouldn't disclose terms but said that the as-yet-untilted movie about Hayes would probably be released in 1981. "There is a lot more to this man than the small incidents that have been printed," Koch said. "We want to tell the whole story."

Hayes won't appear in the movie. "I'll work on the story and be a technical advisor on the football aspects," he said. "I'm no actor." Those mentioned as candidates to play Ohio State's defrocked coach include George C. Scott, Carroll O'Connor, Ernest Borgnine and Gene Hackman.

TWO-SIDED PROPOSITION

After losing to the Philadelphia 76ers 137-133 last Nov. 8, the New Jersey Nets protested to NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien that Bernard King and Coach Kevin Loughery had each been called for three technical fouls in violation of league rules, which specify that no more than two technicals be assessed against any one person in a game. Upholding the protest, O'Brien ordered the game re-

played from the point at which King's third technical was called. Thus, on March 23 the game will be resumed with 17:50 to go and Philadelphia leading 84-81.

Two weeks ago an odd element was injected into the forthcoming replay when the Nets traded Eric Money and Al Skinner to the 76ers for Ralph Simpson and Harvey Catchings. Skinner didn't play on Nov. 8 but the other three did. Having changed sides, those three now stand to become the first NBA players ever to appear for both teams in the same game.

SNOW JOB

Some snow-clogged side streets remained all but impassable in Chicago last week, a full month after the big blizzards of '79. In view of that, Chicagoans might wish that the event scheduled for this weekend in tiny (pop. 1,800) Clayton, N.Y. could somehow be transplanted to their city. But Clayton wants to keep the International Snow Plowing Contest right where it is, thank you.

Cosponsored by the Clayton Chamber of Commerce and Frink Sno-Plows, Inc., the town's biggest employer, the plowing competition is open to two-man teams that test their speed and accuracy in clearing a 1,600-foot stretch of a local street. Before each run, graders and snowblowers pack the course with massive drifts, and pylons are strategically placed to simulate mailboxes, telephone poles and the like. Then off the contestants go, plowing through the slalomlike course. Last year's contest attracted 37 two-man entries. This year's is expected to draw 100 teams from as far away as Tennessee and Wisconsin.

There are no entries from Chicago.

GERTRUDE EDEARLE WITH WINGS

Eighteen months ago a curious contraption called the Gossamer Condor became the first successful man-powered aircraft (SI, Aug. 1, 1977, et seq.) With a young man named Bryan Allen furiously pedaling to turn the prop, the craft completed a figure-eight one-mile course at Shafter, Calif., while maintaining an altitude of at least 10 feet at the start and finish, thus fulfilling conditions for a \$95,000 prize offered by London's Royal Aeronautical Society. The money went to the plane's designer, a Pasadena, Calif. aeronautical engineer named Paul MacCready.

Now MacCready, 53, is going after the

Royal Aeronautical Society's latest prize offer of £100,000—currently about \$200,000—for the first manpowered aircraft to cross the English Channel. The Gossamer Condor is on permanent exhibit in the Smithsonian (check by fuselage with the *Spirit of St. Louis*), and MacCready has designed and built a new plane, the Gossamer Albatross, for the prospective 21-mile two-hour Channel crossing from Dover to Calais. He says the attempt will take place as early as mid-May and no later than August.

Allen, a 25-year-old hang-glider pilot and amateur cyclist, will be at the pedals this time, too. The Condor had a 96-foot wingspread and weighed 70 pounds. The Albatross' proportions are identical but, owing to the use of space-age materials, it is both lighter—by 15 pounds—and stronger. Allen was almost supine in the

combination in sports. Others include basketball players Dave and Ann Meyers, he a Milwaukee Buck, she a four-time All-America at UCLA; Australians John and Ilsa Koenigs, who both broke world swimming records in the late '50s; 1973 national figure-skating pairs champions Mark and Melissa Militano; Olympic distance runners Ron and Francie Larrieu; Olympic swimmers Jack and Shirley Babushoff; and tennis players Vitas and Ruta Gerulaitis.

Interestingly, in each of the above pairings, the brother is older. There are also brother-sister acts in which the sister is older, but in the most prominent of these, the siblings went into different sports. Like Billie Jean King and brother Randy Moffitt of the San Francisco Giants. Or Olympic hurdler Rosie Bonds and kid brother Bobby, now of the Cleveland Indians. Relatively few boys have achieved success in the same sport in which an older sister excels. Is it difficult following in Big Sister's footsteps? The experience of 17-year-old tennis player John Evert, who has grown up in the shadow of an accomplished older sister, would suggest as much. During John's matches needlers sometimes yell at him, "Hey, Chrissie. Hit some double faults, Chrissie."

CASE HISTORY

Obviously, one should not be too quick to imply that an injured player is malingering, nor should players be discouraged from visiting doctors of their own choice. For violating these two precepts in the case of Doug Collins, the Philadelphia 76ers' ailing All-Star guard, team management was acting apologetic last week. As well it should.

Since mid-January Collins has been bothered by a bone spur on his left ankle. Both Dr. Michael Clancy, the 76er physician, and Dr. John W. Lachman, an orthopedist called in by Clancy, recommended rest, massage and whirlpool treatments but no surgery. Collins sat out several games but the ankle still hurt. He then decided to consult Dr. Joseph Torg, a former 76er team doctor with whom owner Fitz Dixon reportedly doesn't get along. According to Collins, Dixon let it be known that he disapproved of such a visit. Collins saw Torg anyway and was told that his ankle would heal properly only with surgery. Collins also saw Dr. Vincent DiStefano, the Philadelphia Eagles' physician, who concurred with

Torg's opinion. Meanwhile, 76er general manager Pat Williams told a reporter, "He [Collins] does have a low pain threshold, no question. It's difficult for him to play hurt." Collins fumed, "I would never lay out a game if I could possibly play."

The 76ers finally sent Collins to Los Angeles to be examined by sports orthopedist Dr. Robert Kerlan—and, as one team official put it, "to break a two-two tie." Kerlan also recommended surgery and last week Torg operated on Collins for removal of a fractured bone spur. Collins may be out for the season. "There's a lot of pressure on this team to win," he said from his hospital bed. "I think professional teams operate on the idea of trying to get you back as soon as possible." Williams visited Collins and apologized for his offending remark. He also unwittingly indicted his own club—and other teams that are too eager to get injured stars back into the lineup.

"I admire Doug for taking the bull by the horns," Williams said. "He's the one who aggressively went off to get other opinions. It took courage on his part."

OUTMATCHED, BUT STILL GAME

Barbara Maltby, this country's top woman squash player, achieved something noteworthy last week at the U.S. championships in New York. No, Maltby didn't win the singles title; she lost in the finals at the Uptown Racquet Club to Heather McKay 15-7, 9-15, 15-8, 15-6. But what did anybody expect? The 37-year-old McKay, an Australian who lives in Toronto, has not lost a match since 1962, a 17-year streak that quite possibly makes her the most dominant figure in any sport.

By even taking a game, however, Maltby scored a moral victory. McKay had lost only four games in the last 14 years. "I made a lot of errors," the Australian said, explaining the relative closeness of her match with Maltby. "I just wasn't driving well."

THEY SAID IT

- Dick Elias, general manager of a lodge in Vail, Colo., bemoaning the shortage of help in Western ski resorts this season: "The kids just aren't dropping out like they used to."

- Lee Corso, Indiana football coach, who has eaten his share of chicken dinners on the post-season banquet circuit: "I no longer sleep. I roost."

END



Condor; to better enable him to generate the additional power needed for the much longer Channel crossing, he will be in a virtually upright position in the Albatross.

MacCready says that, once in Dover, Allen will have to wait for a day when there are no head winds—indeed, no winds of any kind greater than six mph. And MacCready says that he is "running scared" lest somebody else beat him to the prize money.

BIG BROTHER, LITTLE SISTER

Eric and Beth Heiden, the speed-skating champions whose most recent triumphs are described on the next four pages, are scarcely the first successful brother-sister

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 26, 1979

ICING A FAMILY



FORTUNE

Already established as world all-round champs, Eric Heiden won still more gold and kid sister Beth took the silver in the world sprint races to add luster to their glittering Olympic hopes

by E. M. SWIFT



CONTINUED

The odds are stacked fairly heavily against one family's producing two world champions, especially two that reign simultaneously, like speed skaters Eric and Beth Heiden. Not that there is much surface resemblance.

Eric, 20, a pre-med student at the University of Wisconsin, slouches when he stands, perhaps reflecting years of crouching in a skating stance. Beth, 19, a sophomore majoring in civil engineering at Wisconsin, wouldn't dream of slouching. At 5' 2", a foot short of brother Eric, she needs every inch she can rally. Eric's eyes are brown and his hair is dark and wavy. Beth's eyes are green and her dark blonde hair hangs straight, topping a 99-pound frame tirelessly referred to as pint-sized.

Eric's cheeks, while not gaunt, are definitely hollow—he once stuffed them with 52 dried prunes, 26 to a side. Beth's cheeks are right out of Disney's *Chip 'n' Dale*. Off the ice, he is soft-spoken and

gentlemanly; she is a bubbly sprite, full of the devil. But they are far more akin than these differences would indicate. Inside, they burn to win.

On Feb. 4, at The Hague, Beth took the world all-round title, winning all four events at distances from 500 to 3,000 meters. On Feb. 11 in Oslo, Eric swept to the world overall title for the third straight year, winning all four men's events—500, 1,500, 5,000 and 10,000—as well as setting a world record for total points. And then, since speed skating tends to repeat itself, they both turned up in Inzell, West Germany, last weekend for the world sprint championships.

Eric had won the men's sprint title the last two years. In 1978 Beth won the world junior all-round and finished second in the women's sprints at Lake Placid to Lubov Sadchikova of the Soviet Union. In Inzell Beth handled Sadchikova with no problem. Unfortunately, however, she had to contend with one of her own teammates, Leah Poulos Mueller, the silver medalist in the 1976 Innsbruck Olympics, came out of an 18-month layoff to win the world sprint title for the second time.

The championships are spread over two days, with a 500- and a 1,000-meter race each day. Mueller won both 500s and finished fourth and fifth in the 1,000s. She had been training in Inzell for six weeks with her husband and teammate, Peter Mueller. A sprint specialist, she had not competed in the women's world meet at The Hague. "I was wondering how good Beth was," Mueller said afterward. "I expected to beat her in the 500. I'm a technique skater and she's more of a strength skater. But it's the unknown you're afraid of."

As it turned out, strength skater Beth won both 1,000s, lowering her personal best by half a second on Sunday with a 1:25.61. Added to a seventh and fifth in the 500s, the result produced a silver medal.

But Beth was already the all-round champion, and anything won at the sprints was so much frosting. She had been saying all week that she would be thrilled just to get a medal, protesting that she was not a sprinter and had no business being the favorite, world champion or not. Besides, there was Eric to carry on the family honor and all that. Which, sure as hometown Madison is the capital of Wisconsin, he did.

Eric Heiden simply does not lose any

more in world competition, regardless of distance, as he proved at Inzell by annihilating the field in both the 500 and 1,000. On Saturday, he tied his own world record in the 1,000 with a 1:14.99, despite stumbling and having to steady himself with his left hand to keep from falling. His 1,000 on Sunday, which was raced in a driving snowstorm, was 08 of a second slower; his winning times in the 500 were 38.17 and 38.23.

The races at Inzell produced Eric's eighth world title in eight tries in the last three years—two juniors, three seniors and three sprints. He has become the Secretariat of speed skating, winning his races by unheard-of margins. When Heiden was at the world meet in Oslo, where speed skating is a mania, he appeared on the front pages every day. He was hustled about like a rock star, and had to sneak out through hotel garages to avoid his admirers. U.S. Ambassador Louis Lerner hopped on the bandwagon by appointing Heiden honorary sports ambassador to Norway.

Despite all the hoopla and pressure, Eric took the 500, 1,500 and 5,000. Then, having locked up his third straight all-round title, he went all out in the 10,000 and lopped seven seconds off the stadium record, skating the grueling 6¼ miles in 14:43.11 to finish a whopping 15.64 seconds ahead of the second-place racer. In a scoring system where a difference of one point is something of a rout, Heiden finished 4.8 points up on Jan-Egil Storholt of Norway. A total of 4.2 points separated second from 15th place. Eric is that far ahead of the rest of the world.

Heiden's fellow competitors are the first to admit it. In Inzell, after Eric tied his 1,000 world record, Peter Mueller could only laugh. Mueller, who won the gold medal at the distance in the 1976 Olympics, finished fourth at Inzell. "There's no one here he has to worry about," Mueller said. "Everybody else goes for second and third and so on. But I'd like to get closer than three seconds. Maybe a second and a half, or so."

The European skaters are no less awed, cheerfully raising Eric's hand after every race and posing admiringly for pictures with him. In fact, there is only one group that does not seem to consider Eric's success well-deserved. "The European skaters aren't as concerned about me as their coaches are," Eric says. "If they don't have a winning season, they get fired."

Another day, another gold for Eric the conparell



And the person all these countries would like to hire to replace them is the Heiden family coach, Dianne Holm, the only woman coach of world-class speed skaters. Holm was a great skater in her own right, winning silver and bronze medals in the 1968 Olympics and a gold and a silver in 1972. That was the year she moved from Northbrook, Ill. to Madison, where Beth and Eric Heiden were members of the local speed-skating club.

Holm put the Heidens on a training program which she devised. It stressed dry-land training of all varieties—bicycling, weight lifting and a series of exercises meant to imitate proper skating technique—including the dread duckwalk. "They trained hard and made a big jump the first year," Holm says. "But that second year when they didn't make that big jump again, they had to learn patience. That was the big thing. A lot of the kids quit, but Beth and Eric stayed with it, even when they couldn't see the improvement."

A technique the Heidens use that is unique to the U.S. team is "special turn

training." One day at their University of Wisconsin training facilities, Holm discovered the miracle of surgical tubing. She tied one end of a length of tubing around Eric's waist, then, holding the other end, she leaned back herself. Now Eric, while duckwalking in a skater's stance, could lean out as though negotiating an imaginary turn.

"It's hard to imitate turning on dry land, but a turn is half the race," Holm says. "That's where Eric is so good. Because of centrifugal force, you can build up speed on the turns that you can't on the straightaways. We do a lot of speed change work, too. You have to be able to work into the wind and relax when it's at your back. That's how Beth won in Holland, where it was awfully windy."

Beth is the sort of girl to which clichés like "bright as a button" and "sharp as a tack" gravitate. But if she is all puppy on the outside, tucked away somewhere inside is a tiger. "Other people may be built better," says Holm, "and may be stronger, too. But Beth is more efficient. And she is a fighter. She feels

that she has to make up for her size. She never understood her potential before. I'd tell her she could do a 4:40 in the 3,000, and she'd argue, 'No way I can do that.' But after she won the 500 at the world meet she decided, 'Hey, I want to win this thing.' It all had to come from within her."

Many of the top women sprinters had skipped the world championships because they do not excel at the longer races. So it was that Beth shocked both the field and herself by winning the 500 in 44.49 and the 1,500 in 2:13.79 on the first day at The Hague. With her superior conditioning, she found the strong wind an advantage. "I would have been happy to be in the top three," she said later, "but Dianne thought I could win it all. And then I heard from somebody that Eric also thought I could win. That meant a lot to me."

"I guess I was afraid to find my potential," she said. "I'll still argue if Dianne gives me a time to shoot for that I don't think I can make. But she's usually right."

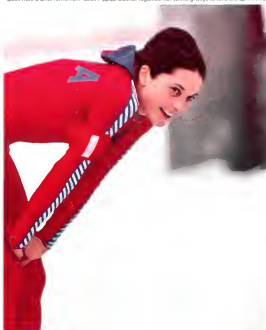
Despite skating her best 500 of the year, Beth was trailing two East Germans, Christa Rothenburger and Sylvia Albrecht, by substantial margins going into the final 1,000 at Inzell on Sunday. Although Mueller was too far ahead to catch, Holm asked Beth to go for a 1:25, a full second under her previous best for the distance. And in the snowstorm, to boot. This is what Holm figured it would take to catch—and hold off—the East Germans.

"Before the race, I didn't think I could do it," Beth said later. "I had to beat one of the East Germans by 1.1 seconds and the other one by .6 of a second. Going into the last turn, I was telling myself, 'Go hard, go hard.'" She was clocked in 1:25.61.

But the East Germans still had a chance to beat her, and they were ahead of the pace until the final 100 meters, then both fell short. "That final 100 is so important," said Holm, "That's where an all-rounder like Beth has the advantage over the sprint specialists."

Eric has finished competing for the year, but Beth, because she is 19, will defend her junior world title next week in Grenoble. Both Heidens will take six weeks off this spring, then resume training in April for the Olympics. If February of 1980 is as extraordinary a month for the Heidens as was February of 1979, they'll be loaded down with gold. **END**

Back from a brief retirement, Leah Pappas Mueller regressed her winning ways to take the sprint title



THIS WAS A TIME TO REMEMBER

Spurred by a memory, Eamonn Coghlan wiped out the record for the indoor mile

by KENNY MOORE

Forty-five minutes before the mile, Eamonn Coghlan began to warm up. As he ran through the tunnels beneath the San Diego Sports Arena, where the Jack-in-the-Box Indoor Games were noisily taking place last Friday night, Coghlan reflected upon that delicate and elusive combination of character and conditions that must be present to produce a historic performance. Many of the crucial elements seemed to be joining.

For one, the 5' 10", 140-pound native of Dublin, Ireland was hard and fit from the most thorough half year of training that he had ever done. Then, too, he had run to within one tenth of a second of Dick Baerle's world indoor record of 3:54.9 in winning the Wanamaker Mile at the Millrose Games a week earlier, even though he had dawdled and slowed in the final yards. "My wife and sister said I'd been dumb. I heard that all week long," said Coghlan, a man who is never dumb twice. He knew, too, that the San Diego track was considerably faster than Madison Square Garden's.

Fifteen minutes before the start, Coghlan stopped jogging and began to stretch. "I can usually tell from my stretching how well I will run," he said afterward. "Tonight it was good." He examined his own frame of mind. "I was confident of winning," said this man who has lost only one indoor mile in seven years, to Kenya's Wilson Waigwa on the same San Diego track two years ago. "I thought of how Waigwa and John Walker had canceled out of the field on Wednesday." Waigwa had injured his ankle, and Walker, the outdoor record holder at 3:49.4,



The first three finishers—Coghlan (3:52.6), Scott (3:54.1) and Lacy (3:54.7)—break the record

had become ill and returned home to New Zealand. "I was really glad," Coghlan said. "Had they run, there would have been more pressure on me. I would have had to concentrate on the winning." Another prospective rival, Filben Bays, the world record holder in the 1,500, would be in the field, but he was so obviously out of shape Coghlan figured he would not be a factor. Thus the world record could rise as a clear objective, and chances could be taken in attacking it.

Ten minutes before the race, Coghlan began to glide through several brisk 80-yard runs, weaving his way through his competition. In it was Paul Cummings, a BYU graduate who is now a temporarily unemployed steelworker living in Orem, Utah. Cummings had set the pace in the Millrose mile, and during the last half of Walker's indoor world-record

3:37.4 in the 1,500 at the Muhammad Ali meet in January. He would undoubtedly be in front early. Cummings knew he could not tick with Coghlan. His somewhat vain hope was to run so hard that he either built a safe lead or brought the field to staggering exhaustion with a lap to run.

Cummings watched Coghlan with what seemed wonder that the human race could come up with a creature so suited to the wrenching turns of board racing. "Coghlan's built to be an indoor runner," he said. "His lower center of gravity, his quick stride are real advantages."

As Coghlan left the warmup area to put on his pale green spikes and a dry Kelly-green racing shirt, he was confronted by Wisconsin's Steve Lacy, who had run a personal best 3:57.3 in Montreal five days before. "If you ran 3:55 in New

York," said Lacy. "Lord knows what you'll run here."

But Coghlan knew that there were variables that had yet to click into place. "I was worried that someone like Cummings might go through the first quarter mile too fast," he said, "and then we'd tire out and lose the record in the middle laps. The best way is even pace."

Whatever Cummings' intentions, the luck of the Irish—in the form of Steve Scott—intervened to slow him. "Every time out this year I'd been elbowed at the start," said Scott, a 22-year-old Californian who always runs magnificently in San Diego. "This time I wanted to get out quick. This time I was elbowing."

Two steps off the line, Scott caromed Coghlan into Cummings, who broke stride and was passed by most of the field. Steve Tyler of Cal-Irvine led, with Cummings sweeping back into second after a lap and a half of the 11-lap race. The quarter was passed in 58.5 for Tyler, 59.6 for Coghlan, who was floating along in fourth, behind Scott. Less than a lap later, Cummings bolted into the lead. Coghlan went around Scott and Tyler, and settled into second. The soft, sure placement of his feet on the track was in contrast to the forceful tramping of his taller competitors. "There was a mushy spot just past the starting line," said Scott. "My knees almost buckled there once." Coghlan never even noticed. His face was serene, the center of his race filled with calm. "There was no point to anything but staying relaxed," he said, "and letting Paul do all that work."

At the half mile, Cummings was 1:57.0, Coghlan 1:57.6, followed closely by Scott and Lacy. The vital quarter would be the third. Cummings drove on without letup through the rising shouts, and still Coghlan, Scott and Lacy clung to him. "It seemed easy when you got to follow such a smooth, even pace," said Lacy, who passed Scott and readied himself for a charge at the lead as they approached the three quarters. The time there was 2:56.5. Whoever won the race would have the world record.

Before Lacy reached his shoulder, Coghlan exploded, whipping around Cummings to see only empty track ahead. Coghlan has never known how he chooses this moment. "Something comes on me and tells me to go now. Sometimes it may not be until the last straight. Sometimes—as tonight—it's with a full quarter to go. Frankly, it's a mystery."

In repose, Coghlan is an unfailingly sweet-tempered man. His passion flares only in these startling conclusions to races, burning the brighter for being compressed into so few white seconds. Yet even now he didn't sprint with abandon. With $1\frac{1}{2}$ laps to run, Scott got around Lacy and began to close in. For a moment, Coghlan looked vulnerable. Then, startlingly, he burst away again. "There's always another sprint," Coghlan said. "Even if someone had come at me again on that last straight, there'd have been another."

Coghlan ran the last curve with a grimace, the veins and cords of his neck standing out like biting wire. "I was grinding my teeth that last lap. I was thinking of last week, thinking not to let up, to take all the pain I had to not to slow down."

Coghlan struck the tape in 3:52.6, having torn 2.3 seconds from Buerkle's world record. Scott finished in 3:54.1, Lacy in 3:54.7, the first time three milers have broken a world record in one race, indoors or out. The gallant Cummings was fourth in 4:00.5. Bayi, indeed, was no factor, dropping out in the final lap.

The merit of Coghlan's mile—besides providing the crowd of 12,000 with moments of unforgettable grace and clarity of purpose—is hard to assess. Only Herb Elliott ever brought a mile record down by a greater margin, when he broke Derek Ibbotson's record by 2.7 with a 3:54.5 in 1958—in Dublin, one should note. To lanky milers who are cramped and infuriated by indoor curves, Coghlan's performance seems a virtual impossibility, on a par with Walker's 3:49.4 outdoors. To those attuned to the bounce and excitement of the boards, the record is wonderful, but not eternal. Coghlan himself seems in this camp. "It was my fastest mile, indoors or out," he said this outdoor best as 3:53.3. "I didn't believe 3:54.9 was an easy record, but someday someone will be saying, 'Boy, Coghlan's old 3:52.6 is looking pretty ripe.'"

Coghlan recovered quickly, taking a victory lap in a DISCOVER IRELAND T shirt, which was, to be sure, a bow to the Irish Tourist Board, for which he works, but somehow it seemed a touch of class for a victor to be promoting his country rather than his beer or his brand of shoes.

Later, sitting in a restaurant with his sister Mary and his shy, dark-haired wife Yvonne, Coghlan spoke of his coach, Jerry Farnan, who is recovering from heart

surgery in Dublin. "He'll be jolted tomorrow," Coghlan said. "He told me after this race last year, when I'd missed the record by only 1.1 seconds, that I should have it. It wasn't until then that I ever ran for time."

During his last two years at Villanova in 1975 and 1976, Coghlan trained with a single aim, the gold medal in the 1,500 meters at Montreal. In that race, he ran much as Cummings had in San Diego and finished a tortured fourth. Never again will he scheme for distant goals. "Races are all steps along the way," he said. "If I point for the Olympic gold like I did in Montreal, I won't get it. If I take it one race at a time, if I don't go after it, it will come to me."

Thus the calm interior of Coghlan, the willingness to wait, to do things a little differently. For example, he has put in no speed work this winter, only spicing his routine 100 miles per week with a 10-mile run containing bursts of up to a mile at a 4:20 pace, and one session of 20 quarters in 63 seconds each. This consummate kacker now only sprints when it counts. "I think if I do speed work I run the speed out of myself," he said.

Coghlan believes he began his assault on the record in the cold, dark days of November and December in Dublin, when he went 10 straight Sundays doing 20 miles with his clubmates. Though he had run an 8:20 two-mile on the road, he came to the U.S. for the indoor season not knowing what to expect. "I thought I'd run 4:05 or so at the Sunist meet." Instead, he ran 3:56.1. "I simply couldn't believe it." Then came the near-miracles in the Wanamaker Mile, a race that—for all the resolve it imparted—took a toll. "It was so dusty and smoky in the Garden that afterward I was weak and dizzy and coughed blood in the night." Though he saw a doctor in San Diego on Tuesday, he had obviously recovered by Friday evening.

Still later that night, Coghlan sat with Irish friends and lifted a beer. "I suppose they'll still call me 'the little Irishman,'" he said. (Sure enough, a paper the next day called him "the little Irishman.")

Then he said, "Shúme," and toasted the health of Scott, Lacy and, especially, Cummings. Each could feel some responsibility for Coghlan's record. Coghlan knew this and was grateful. Scott, before departing, had come to him and said, "If it could only be one of us, I'm glad it was you."

IT WAS PETTY LARCENY

While Cale Yarborough and Donnie Allison duked it out by Turn 3, Richard Petty stole on by and into victory lane in the Daytona 500 by SAM MOSES

The unwritten rule going into a turn on the last lap of a race this important is, "You took chances all day long, so now is the time to go for broke." You don't run into somebody on purpose, but you don't get overly concerned with him, either."

So said Richard Petty on Sunday after he had won the Daytona 500 thanks to the two leaders crashing into each other on the next-to-last turn of the race.

It would be safe to say that Cale Yarborough and Donnie Allison weren't overly concerned about each other—at least not each other's welfare—on the last lap of the 500. With 499 miles and one wild spin already behind them, Allison led Yarborough by a car length. Earlier in the race, Yarborough had twice shot past Allison, and they both knew he was capable of doing it again. As they approached Turn 3, Yarborough's car dropped beneath Allison and drew up alongside him on the back straight. Donnie moved down to prevent the pass. To complicate matters, Bobby Allison, Donnie's brother, was ahead of Yarborough. Cale had two choices: slow down and lose the race or try getting by down on the grass, which is really no choice at all for a racer. With two wheels riding on the grass slickened from an overnight rain, Yarborough's blue-and-white Oldsmobile was hit by the left side of Allison's maroon Olds. They bounced off each other several times as they careened up onto the cement retaining wall and then back down across the track once again, coming to rest at last on the grass verge. Petty, half a lap behind in third place, breezed by their wreckage and held off Darrell Waltrip and A. J. Foyt at the flag. Meanwhile, Donnie and Cale, soon joined by Bobby, were duking it out across the track by Turn 3.

Speaking generally, because he hadn't seen the crash and wasn't about to place any blame, Petty said, "If you're leading, you can cut the other guy off, but you always give him a way out. You can run him down to the flat, but you don't run him into the dirt."

As the two demolished Oldsmobiles were towed back to their garages, Yarborough was quivering with rage. "They double-teamed me," he fumed. "Bobby held me up and waited on Donnie so they could block me out. I run up on the

back of Bobby, and Donnie came down on the apron and knocked me on the grass. He came all the way down and carried me into the mud. I was in the dirt before we even touched. My left wheels were in the dirt, and he knocked me all the way in. I knew it was going to happen. I just couldn't do anything about it. So I knocked the hell out of him. We just kept bumping into each other all the way into the wall.

"I got out of my car and went over to Donnie's car and said, 'That's the worst thing I ever seen.' Then Bobby came over. I asked him why he slowed down. Then I swung at him. Then all three of us went at it. That was the first fistfight I've been in since I was a teen-ager.

"I knew how to win the race. I had the race won, wasn't any doubt about it. I had him beat. He knew it, too.

"You can be sure I'll remember it. If NASCAR don't disqualify them two—I mean suspend them—there ain't no justice in NASCAR, that's all I got to say."

Donnie, wearing a look that could kill, said, "I was prepared for anything. I wasn't fixing to back off. I felt like I had to keep from getting knocked out. I said to myself, if I hit that damn wall he was going to hit it just as hard as I was.

"I don't think Bobby slowed down. I had made up my mind I was going to go low regardless of what Bobby did. If Cale was going to pass me he was going to have to do it high. I was as low as you can go on the racetrack, and he was lower than me. I came off the corner and he just went off the damn racetrack.

"After we hit the wall, he came over and started calling me a son of a bitch and a dirty bastard. Bobby had stopped, and he punched at Bobby through his window screen. When Bobby got out of his car, Cale started hitting him with his helmet. If he had hit me, I'd have beat his brains out.

"Won't do any good to say anything else."

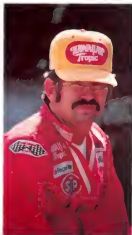
Well, that seems to be quite enough. Especially considering it had been the second time that afternoon those three had found themselves sliding in the mud, not to mention slinging it. On Lap 32

Donnie had led Bobby and Yarborough when Bobby drifted up into his brother, tapped him in the rear quarter panel and sent him into a backward slide down the back straight, with the entire 41-car field coming at him at nearly 195 mph. Yarborough dove down to the infield to avoid them, and everyone else slipped by without incident.

After they had been pushed out of the mud and had pitted for adjustments, Yarborough found himself three laps behind, Bobby two, Donnie one. The race was barely restarted when a six-car crash in Turn 4 knocked out David Pearson and brought out the yellow flag again. While 120,000 pairs of eyes were on the mess, a car called the "Ghost" was pushed unnoticed behind the pit wall, its ignition system having never worked from the start.

The Ghost, another Olds, this one driven by Buddy Baker, had turned a record qualifying lap of 196.049 mph the previous Sunday. Then, on Thursday, Baker had backed that up by winning a 125-mile warmup race for the 500. While the Ghost was the car to beat, its qualifying mark was largely a result of the speedway's new surface, which ironed out many of the infamous bumps

Allison proved to be a tough driver to get past



and boosted speeds by nearly 10 mph. "Racing at Daytona used to be like playing basketball in a pair of loafers," says Waltrip.

"Used to be," the man says. But some of the drivers of the dozen or so cars that either spun or crashed—contributing to a total of seven yellow flags for 57 of the 200 laps and holding Petty's average speed to 143.977 mph—might think their cars are still wearing loafers.

The race was half over before a pattern began to develop. Donnie Allison had made up the lap he lost and was in second with Benny Parsons leading. Petty was fifth, his car one of those left unscathed.

But it was Yarborough who was on Parsons' tail on the track, although he was three laps behind in the standings. Yarborough had a plan: draft the leader (it is a proven and practiced law of race-track physics that two stock cars nose to tail can travel not only faster than two side by side, but also faster than either car could go alone), pray for yellow flags, and when one comes, make up a lap. This can be done under NASCAR rules by slipping past the leader before he reaches the start-finish line.

On Lap 105 another yellow flag came out. Yarborough passed Parsons, sped around to the back of the field and made up a lap. He was now only two laps down. Parsons began slowing with an overheating engine, and Donnie Allison took the lead. After working through the field, Yarborough was glued to Allison's bumper.



After 45 straight races without a victory, Petty survived a crash-filled Sunday to win Daytona again.

er. When another yellow came out on Lap 121, Cale shot by Donnie in Turn 3—where they were to meet again, of course. He was now only one lap down, and for the first time that afternoon his crew was smiling. His car was still somewhat out of kilter from its excursion into the mud, however. "It's drivable, but it's not right," said one mechanic. "But Cale's banging on."

On Lap 139 Yarborough was on Allison's tail yet again, with Petty behind Cale, in second, still running steadily, waiting. When the yellow came out once more, Cale zoomed by Donnie again. After weaving through the entire field a third time, suddenly Yarborough was back on the same lap with the leaders. With 30 laps remaining, it was Allison leading, Yarborough on his tail and Petty, Waltrip and Foyt trailing and drafting each other. And Cale stayed inches from Donnie's bumper for 29½ laps, or until the excitement began.

Petty's win was his first Grand National victory in a year and a half, which made him feel a little better than he otherwise might have at backing into the

win as he did. Anyway, he has been on the other side of the fence a time or two himself, most notably in 1976, when he and Pearson crashed into each other on the last turn of the 500 and Pearson managed to coax his smashed car across the finish line for the win.

Petty had other reasons to be happy. After having nearly half his ulcerous stomach cut out in December, his doctor advised him to quit racing. "I'm feeling good no matter what the doctor says," Richard protested. Contributing to his sense of well-being was the fact that a week earlier his 18-year-old son Kyle made his stock-car racing debut—and won, of course. "He's a tough act to follow," proud father Richard had said, before he did his son one better.

When Richard pulled into pit line after taking the checkered flag, Kyle—who carries tires for his dad during his pit stops—was the first to congratulate him. Soon the entire crew was riding on Petty's car, blocking his view out the windshield. "Where's Victory Circle?" asked Richard. "I'll show you," said Kyle. "I know the way."

END

Yarborough finally got by—but going sideways



THERE'S AN ILL WIND BLOWING FOR THE NBA

Attendance is slipping and the league's TV ratings have plummeted, leading to a lot of cries and whispers about the real problems **by JOHN PAPANKE**

In his elegant corner office at the Manhattan headquarters of the National Basketball Association, Commissioner Larry O'Brien leaned back in his chair and stacked his feet atop his desk. "I wouldn't say we have no problems in the NBA," he said, "but you can see from my empty desk here that there certainly is no crisis. In fact, for the first time in my four seasons as commissioner I can say that the NBA is stable. Stable is the best word that can be used to describe the NBA."

Of course, O'Brien also believes that the NBA is "exciting," that it has "the greatest athletes in the world," that, according to every survey he's seen, "basketball is the favorite sport among Americans below the age of 35," and that "the potential for our sport goes right off toward the sunset."

But "stable" definitely is his buzz word. And indeed, the league is in good shape financially: no teams are losing the kind of money they were before the 1976 NBA-ABA merger, and only New Jersey and Indiana are even slightly shaky. But stability can also imply stagnation, and that is precisely what those twin indicators of public appeal—attendance and television ratings—show. Both are disappointing, raising serious questions about the future of the sport.

Twelve of the 22 teams are drawing fewer fans than they did a year ago for the same number of playing dates. League-wide, attendance is down 3%, after 621 of 992 games. However, two of the less competitive teams wouldn't be doing nearly so well if they hadn't changed sites. The Detroit Pistons (up 56%) moved from downtown Cobo Hall to the suburban Pontiac Silverdome, and the San Diego Clippers (up 30%) moved from Buffalo. And two of the better teams are benefiting from increased capacity. In San Antonio, where 6,000 seats were added to the HemisFair, attendance is up 27%. The Seattle SuperSonics, one

of the best draws in the league, moved from the 14,098-seat Coliseum to the Kingdome, which has a capacity of 27,894 for basketball, and attendance is up 45%. But winning doesn't guarantee a larger gate: attendance at Capital Centre in Landover, Md., where the world champion Washington Bullets play, is up only 3%.

However, the most alarming news is

that attendance in the big four markets of New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Philadelphia is down drastically: the Knicks (11%) and Bulls (31%) are once-strong teams that have become woefully weak, but the 76ers (19%) and Lakers (11%) are bona fide championship contenders. "People I talk to around Los Angeles all tell me that there isn't a great deal of interest in either the Lakers or the NBA," says Laker Coach Jerry West.

Likewise, national television ratings are down a whopping 26%. The first four regular-season Sunday CBS telecasts were beaten soundly by everything the other networks threw at them, including Superstars and boxing (ABC), and college basketball (NBC).

Certainly, having weak teams in the major television markets cuts deeply into



network ratings, especially when those markets are already saturated with local telecasts, and cable and satellite feeds of pro, college and high school basketball. In Manhattan, for instance, a fan with cable TV can watch as many as 14 games a week with a little dial switching. It stands to reason that Sunday is hardly a special day for the NBA in New York, as long as the Knicks are not a factor.

"We definitely need a strong team in New York," says Houston President Ray Patterson. After all, it was in the early part of this decade, when the Knicks won two championships, that the NBA came to be hailed as the "Sport of the '70s." However, none of the teams has yet offered to hold a fire sale of players to help them out.

Thus Sonny Werblin, the veteran en-

trepreneur who was hired in December 1977 as president of Madison Square Garden expressly to pump new life into the Knicks, is not so sure of the league's good intentions. "If they want us to be strong, why won't anyone trade with New York?" he says. "I'll tell you. It's part of the 'Kill New York syndrome.' People want to see us fail."

Whether or not this is true, the Knicks' policy for the past few years has helped establish the fact that high-priced superstars often cause more trouble than they're worth—and don't guarantee winning records, much less full houses.

Denver General Manager Carl Scheer believes that all the NBA doomsday talk "would be academic were it not for the unimaginative and inept management in New York."

But blaming the Knicks for all the NBA's troubles is illogical. Just like the NBA, the NFL took off on New York success, but pro football has done splendidly even though the Giants and Jets have had poor records and little national attention for years. And baseball did just as well in those years when the once-powerful Yankees were in eclipse.

Although CBS has been properly criticized for treating its telecasts as little more than a bridge between a refrigerator race and a golf tournament, and for further compounding its error by showing regional games rather than focusing attention on one big national game, it makes no more sense to place the bulk of the blame for the league's problems on the network than on the Knicks. Carl Lindemann Jr., vice-president of programming at CBS Sports, must know that he has an inferior product. In fact, he was the man who bought college basketball for NBC in 1975, and in 1976 issued charts showing that college basketball killed the NBA in households with \$15,000-plus incomes, the kind of earnings that attract advertisers.

Far more realistic reasons for the league's troubles lie within the game itself. The teams play a tedious 82-game schedule that begins during the World Series and doesn't end until early April; then the playoffs begin and go on until June, when most spectators have long since wearied of watching a winter sport. The seven games of last year's championship series between Washington and Seattle stretched over 18 days—for television. Instead of reflecting the beauty and intensity of the sport, the series was about as exciting as the probrowlers' tour, whose ratings are higher than those of most regular-season NBA games.

For the past three seasons, the NBA schedule has had each team playing almost every other team four times. Thankfully, this will be changed next season, when each team will play 60 games within its conference, but for now, traditional rivalries are meaningless. There is no drama, no continuity, nothing for the fan to get up for, as he did in the days when Russell and Chamberlain, or West and Robertson, would go at each other some 10 times a season. The NBA is just a series of one-night stands strung out across the country, imposing on the players a travel burden that the average fan can-

continued

Attendance in Chicago as well as in the other three major NBA markets is down perceptibly.



not possibly imagine, and giving weight to the notion that nothing counts until the playoffs, for which, ridiculously, 12 of the 22 teams qualify. With the average NBA ticket costing nearly \$7, the fan often wants to buy tickets for these more meaningful postseason games.

"With all the hype the playoffs receive as the second season," says Philadelphia's Julius Erving, "it seems to belittle the regular season. To ask people to spend \$36 for a night at the Sixers [the price of four of the best tickets], that's a tough act to sell in a working-class town."

The average annual salary of an NBA "worker" is now around \$148,000. Every team has at least one supersaluted star and a good number of fans—and ex-fans—who firmly believe that the star cares more about pulling down 400 grand than a couple of extra rebounds. Maybe the long-term contract, free agency and big money have enabled the dollar-wise pro basketball player to contemplate retirement to an island villa at age 33, but they have also brought him a serious image problem.

It is agreed that today's players are better than ever. They are so good, in fact, that many believe they're too good for the game. When the NBA began in 1946, no team made more than 30% of its shots. Today, two teams are shooting better than 51%, the NBA record, and the league-wide percentage is 48.4.

Athletes in all team sports are finding themselves more accountable to fans to-



To Commissioner O'Brien, there is no crisis

day, because their salaries are routinely reported along with their batting averages and rushing yardages. Add the fact that almost 75% of the players in the NBA are black—while more than 75% of the fans are white—and the issue of race as a contributing factor to the league's troubles cannot be simply dismissed with whispers and off-the-record comments.

"It is a fact that white people in general look unfavorably upon blacks who are making astronomical amounts of money if it appears they are not working hard for that money," says Seattle's Paul

Silas, a black who is president of the NBA Players Association. "Our players have become so good that it appears they're doing things too easily, that they don't have the intensity they once had."

Some people are obviously turned off by the NBA for racial reasons, others may couch their rationale in more palatable—but essentially the same—terms. "A lot of people use the word 'undisciplined' to describe the NBA," says Al Attles, the black coach of the Golden State Warriors. "I think that word is pointed at a group more than at a sport. What do they mean by it? On the court? Off the court? What kind of clothes a guy wears? How he talks? How he plays? I think that's a cop-out."

O'Brien agrees that the NBA has an image problem, but he feels that it is mostly a result of poor promotion. Next year the league will spend \$500,000, quadruple its current public-relations budget, to hire an outside agency to pump up its image. But the fact that the league is resorting to improving its image indicates dissatisfaction with the current product. The league also will conduct a national survey to find out just what areas need the most fixing. Says O'Brien, "I would be immensely disappointed and surprised if our survey showed race to be a problem."

O'Brien could start the survey with a few phone calls to those in the NBA's inner circle. A top executive from one of the league's charter teams *continued*

The Warriors reflect the preponderance of blacks in the NBA: one executive asks how you can sell a black sport to a white public.



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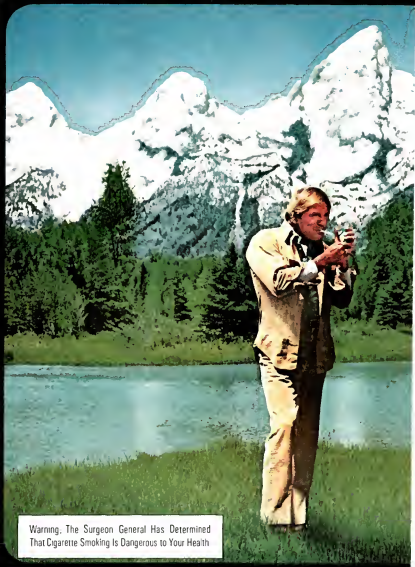
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said last week that the gravest problem might be that "the teams are too black." When it was suggested that black domination seemed to be a fact of life, and that the league has no choice but to turn it into something positive, to promote it, he replied, "The question is are they [the black players] promotable? People see them despoiling their money, playing without discipline. How can you sell a black sport to a white public?"

"This is something we must no longer whisper about," says Denver's Scheer. "It's definitely a problem and we, the owners, created it. People see our players as being overpaid and underworked, and the majority of them are black. What can we do about it? Just try to get people who will work hard, and I don't think we'll have a problem."

Phoenix is the only NBA team with more whites than blacks (it is also the NBA city with the lowest percentage of blacks in its population). Nonetheless, General Manager Jerry Colangelo insists that this is merely an accident. "We look for good people," he says. "A player's race has nothing to do with anything. As far as our fan support goes, I honestly believe that if we had 10 black players and won, we would do just as well. When you're winning, fans forget skin color, salaries, everything. Winning solves all problems."

For the record, Phoenix is winning, but is marginally down in attendance. Around the NBA, "good people" is often a euphemism for white players who won't cause problems. Most coaches want a "good person" to fill the seats at the ends of their benches. Denver has John Kuester and Kim Hughes. Detroit has Ben Poquette. Indiana has Steve Green. Kansas City has Gus Gerard. San Diego has John Olive. New York has John Rudd. These players are lucky to be white.

As compared with today's figure of 75%, 10 years ago the NBA was 60% black. Seven of the top 20 scorers were white—now only two of the 20 are. In the intervening years, as the percentage of blacks steadily increased, the NBA has more and more reflected varying elements of black culture. "You always hear basketball referred to as the 'city game' or the 'ghetto game,'" says Phoenix's Paul Westphal. "That's never rung true to me. Not just because I'm white, but because there are a lot of black

players in this league who are not from ghettos or inner cities at all."

That's true, but "playground basketball" caught on just about the time that the Knicks and Celtics, who played vigorously patterned basketball, stopped winning their championships. Television billed games as "Dr. J vs. Rick Barry" or "David Thompson vs. Pistol Pete." It focused attention on spectacular slam dunks, the epitome of playground ball, running replay after replay of them and eschewing explanations of the intricacies of team play. Halftimes were devoted to standunk or Horvath contests.

This year the NBA persuaded CBS to junk the "circus act" halftimes and replace them with human-interest features on players. And next month the network may drop the regionalization concept and air a single game nationwide each Sunday afternoon.

"This is still a team game," says Seattle Coach Lenny Wilkens. "Unfortunately, we don't always show it that way. People want to see one guy score 30 points and make a great slam dunk. But that is not the game."

The trouble is that many young NBA players, and more who will enter the league, see it that way. Says West, "Players today are bigger, faster, quicker, better... and dumber." Says Attles, "Players today have more talent than when I came into the league in 1960. But not as many study and learn the game. They rely on raw talent, and expect to make a lot of money and have their own way. And you can't blame them. It's the system they came through. Remember, these are the kids who in junior high were recruited by a dozen high schools? Today's players all want to play as a team, but too many want to be the head of that team."

The Players Association, if not Commissioner O'Brien, feels the NBA is facing a crisis. "Our immediate goal," says Silas, "is to make the fan understand that we are not sloughing off in our games. When he realizes this, we can try to change his perception of us—not just the black players, but the white ones, too. This is something we just have not talked about enough. Most of us are intelligent and hard-working. We care about our sport and our communities. The NBA has a problem and it is something that has to be brought out in the open and dealt with."



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The wind is howling off the Atlantic Ocean, half a mile away, and the seagulls are taking refuge on an infield pond at Boston's Suffolk Downs racetrack. The snow is singing and the temperature is in the low 20s. It's a perfect day not to have thoroughbred racing. But at Suffolk the horses are approaching the starting gate.

Inside the enclosed grandstand inveterate horseplayer Roger Chin grumps, "There's too much snow. Look out there. And there are too many broken-down horses. See that one? What a joke. The horses aren't fit for racing. Neither is the weather. I don't know why I come." Then the retired book salesman from Rosindale, Mass., falls silent, staring alternately down at his Racing Form and up at the winking and icebound tote board. "Excuse me a minute," he says. "I've got to go bet the double."

Nearby, Milt Goldberg of Beverly, Mass., a former pro basketball scout, says, "The reason we have winter racing is to inflict self-injury so we have something legitimate to moan and groan about." And down in the frosty paddock, Trainer Joe Martinez is giving advice to his jockey concerning his mount in the next race. "Keep him between the snowflakes."

Any resemblance between racing in the North in February and the Kentucky Derby in May is purely coincidental. Winter racing exists because states can

generate substantial revenue from it, and tracks are anxious to run when they have the least amount of competition for the gambling dollar.

Roger Chin and Milt Goldberg may curse winter racing, but they go to the track every day and would be hopping mad if it came to an end. Which it won't. Chuck Lang, the general manager at Pimlico (which doesn't open until April), says, "If there are human beings around, there are two things you'll never get rid of, and gambling is one." There are thousands of folks like Chin and Goldberg in the frozen North, including a preponderance of retired people, who keep seven cold-weather tracks operating through the dead of winter. Tracks try to call their winter fans regulars, but they keep slipping and calling them racing degenerates.

Suffolk races 200 days a year, many of these in December, January and February. In 1977 the track had 30 cancellations, but only 14 last year. In 1978, snow removal alone cost Suffolk \$120,000. Boston's Logan Airport closes; Suffolk Downs keeps flying. And there is winter racing in New York (Aqueduct), Pennsylvania (afternoons at Keystone and nights at Penn National), Maryland (Bowie) and West Virginia (310 days a year at Waterford Park, an hour west of Pittsburgh). The sport has tried and failed in Chicago's winters, but in fairness, fires at two tracks have joined with the weather

to do it in. Sportsman's Park will wait until Feb. 27 to open this year's thoroughbred meeting.

With the notable exception of Aqueduct—where attendance is averaging a healthy 13,704 and the daily handle is \$2,354,169—many horses that run at this time of year are doing so as a last gasp. Most good horses are either being rested on farms or are racing in Florida and California. Dan Bucci, secretary-treasurer of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire chapter of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, says of racing at Suffolk, "If you fail here, you're out of the business."

Still, Suffolk Trainer Jim McCloskey grouches about winter racing. "It's terrible," he says. "Every element is against you. It's too bad we can't all go to Florida." He trains 10 horses; four have bruised feet, he says, from poor track conditions. Ralph Katz, a trainer at Waterford—the lowest rung in winter racing—says if a horse can't win there, then he's looking at a new life as a riding horse or a corpse. "Bottom's bottom wherever you go," says Katz, "and this is bottom. I can't find anything joyful about being here in winter."

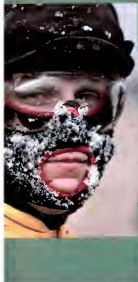
Obviously, the alpha and omega for winter racing is that money is to be made. If Suffolk averages 5,500 fans a day, it survives. At Waterford, hard by the Ohio River, the break-even point is only 2,250

continued

THE WINTER OF DESPAIR

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Winter racing is not fit for man nor beast, but if it's the only wheel in town, people will turn out to watch it spin, even if it's snowing or 3° below



and a daily handle of \$250,000. And at Bowie, winter is better than summer: attendance these days averages 7,820, with a handle of more than \$1 million. Management hopes that this summer the track will attract at least 7,000 daily, with wagering of \$850,000. That's because the Chesapeake Bay and the shore, among other distractions, are powerful good-weather magnets.

It's the states, of course, that take to winter racing like exercise boys to an electric heater. In New York, racing at Aqueduct last winter provided more than \$6.5 million for the state. In 1977-78 winter racing meant \$5,670,159 to Pennsylvania, \$2,996,000 to Maryland, \$922,420 to West Virginia. Suffolk paid over \$10 million in taxes and fees to the Commonwealth in 1977-78, much of it from win-

The horses have to be out in the cold, but for bettors it's another story—and a sad and familiar one



ter racing—despite a deficit of almost \$750,000. Says Milt Goldberg, "The state will have winter racing as long as two people come." The tracks, too, like winter racing, but largely as an accounting matter; they have more racing days over which to average fixed expenses. And despite their grumbling, backstretchers like it because it helps them pay their bills. "It's the only chance a cheap horse has to make money," says one trainer.

At Suffolk Barn A, Trainer Joe Martinez says he's cold. Understandably. Above the waist, he wears a T shirt, covered by a turtleneck, covered by a sweater, covered by a blue jacket, covered by a darker-blue windbreaker (insulated), covered by a heavy blue jacket with hood. "No, I don't like winter racing," he says, "but we do a lot of things we don't like. Winter racing is better than no racing. You know, every day before 7 a.m. about 10 trainers and owners say they're going to quit. I kick the wall and say, 'No more for me.' Then the sun comes out." And so does his common sense. If the horses aren't running, it costs about \$10 a day each to keep them on a farm. Then it takes another 60 days after a long layoff to get them fit to race—at \$22 to \$25 a day. Says Martinez, "My trouble is, I've noticed my owners are real glum when I give them a bill and their horses haven't been racing."

The frustrations of winter racing are

enormous. At Martinez' stable, pony girl Debbie Russo says, "It's so nice when your hands crack and your horse slides on the ice." Water buckets freeze, help fails to show up, engines won't start, water spigots won't turn on, nothing works.

Then there's the track surface. The idea is to keep a cushion of about four inches that is soft, i.e., unfrozen, on top of the frozen earth. At Suffolk, Gabe (Blackie) Chobanian is the track superintendent. To keep the track raceable, he has tractors harrow it 24 hours a day.

Do you like winter racing, Blackie?

"Let me have another drink before I answer that."

Is winter racing a good idea, Blackie?

"Let me have another drink before I answer that."

As the Scotch bottle empties, Chobanian says, "Well, if our equipment didn't break, if there were no thaws, no rain, no heavy snow, and temperatures didn't ever drop quickly, I'd be happy." He'd also be in Florida, not Massachusetts. Thaw is his worst enemy, because if the undersurface starts melting, it makes for an uneven track with dangerous holes. And quick-dropping temperatures make the cushion dirt stick together in rock-hard clods that horse hooves launch like missiles.

Jockeys often wear four or five pairs of goggles to protect their eyes, plus foam rubber inside their silks to protect their knees and legs. At Waterford, Jockey J. J. Thompson says, "It says in the Bible they used to stone people to death. It's still happening here." To fight the cold, jocks often encase their feet in Saran Wrap, and their hands in surgical gloves. They cover their faces with Vaseline and masks. Keystone Rider Steve Pagano says that once when he was riding in the winter at Suffolk, he got hit in the mouth by a frozen clod "but I was so numb I didn't even know I was bleeding until I got back to the jockeys' room."

The other day, racing at Waterford was called off by the jocks because of poor track conditions. General Manager Howard S. Graham, who contends that "winter racing is a little more exciting because you never know what's going to happen," was furious. He tried and failed to intimidate the riders, which prompted one to look at him from afar at a mumble. "I guess you can't be tall and have brains too."

Horses as well as jockeys take a beat-

ing in winter. Cracked heels are a constant threat and are harder for a horse to recover from in cold weather than in warm. Chemicals used in the track to fight changing weather raise havoc with a horse's eyes and hooves. Worse, the cheap winter horses often don't get the rest that they should.

In the first 20 days of winter racing at Bowie this year, 10 horses were destroyed after suffering injuries. In a corresponding period at a Maryland track in good weather, an average of three horses are put down. Trainer Jack Mobberly says, "The track is raceable. By that, I mean the horses can get around it, but it's not safe. I think there should be some serious question when so many horses break down." Bowie management says there's nothing wrong with the track.

The concept of winter racing is not new. On Dec. 2, 1933, Charles Town, W. Va. opened not because track President Al Boyle foresaw a winter bonanza, but because that was when his track was sufficiently finished to start taking bets.

Then, in 1957, Bowie opened. And the heartiness of the Bowie breed became legend. On Feb. 16, 1958, heavy snow fell—and 13,554 showed up. Thousands were subsequently stranded. In 1961 a special race train derailed at Bowie, kill-



Who says winter racing is for the birds? One plus is privacy, another is plenty of room.

ing six and injuring 200. A bloody and tattered fan, the story goes, refused medical attention. "I came all the way from Philadelphia to bet on a horse in the fourth race," he said. "I'll take care of that first."

Winter racing takes a lot of understanding. Especially from the gamblers, who not only are saddled with figuring out a bunch of horses generally too cheap to have much form, but also with handicapping such factors as wind chill and whether the horse has even been able to work out. At Waterford's private club overlooking the track, maître d' Vince Inodi whispered, "See that guy over there? He's worth \$2 million from betting every horse I tell him to all winter. He used to be worth \$4 million."

END



Relaxing at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Norm Higgins and Mervin review the day's work out, which often includes a cross country run over rugged terrain.



One of Jan Merrill's prized possessions is a cartoon she received from a friend last fall. It shows a woman runner, whose severe features are unmistakably Merrill's, facing a man with a press badge. "You know, I can really relate to what you're into," the reporter is saying. "I jog too!" Now 22, Merrill is the best woman middle-distance runner in the U.S.—she holds American records at 1,500 and 3,000 meters—and the best in the world when it comes to not talking about herself or her races. Her contempt

home as quickly as possible, so she can be in her own environment."

Home for Janice Melbourne Merrill is a comfortable wood-paneled house in Waterford, Conn. (pop., 4,400). 200 yards from Long Island Sound. A few miles away are New London and Connecticut College, where Merrill is a senior majoring in math. Scattered throughout the area are wildlife refuges, like Mamacoke Island is the college's Arboretum, sanctuaries where Merrill does much of her training. The nearby Coast Guard

SHE'S HIS FAIR LADY

for reporters is almost as legendary as Jackie O's for paparazzi. While her fellow competitors talk to sportswriters after a race, the 5' 6" Merrill is likely to duck behind her 6' 3" coach, Norm Higgins, and head for the nearest exit. After Merrill won the 1977 Women's AAU cross-country championship in San Bernardino, Calif., Higgins announced that he would "allow" the press exactly 10 questions. The final question to Merrill was: "Why won't you speak to the press more?" "No comment," interjected Higgins, answering for his charge, which is not at all unusual. In fact, on those rare occasions when Merrill does get her say, she will often stop in mid-sentence and withdraw with a "You'll have to ask my coach."

"You see, we aren't from a big city," says Jan Merrill's mother Josephine, a warm woman who rarely stops smiling. "We're quite unsophisticated. We live a simple life. Still, as a family we're quite verbose—except for Janny. She was always quiet. She would never insist on making her point. As for Mr. Higgins, with him I can never get a word in edgewise."

Hardly anyone can. "People think we are isolated," Higgins says of himself and Jan, "but we're not. It's all artificial. We live in a nice community where people are friendly and kind of old-fashioned. When we get to New York or the West Coast, we find that people there lead a different kind of life. You know what I mean? After a meet, I want Jan to get

Academy has a 200-meter Tartan track for training indoors in winter, and a 400-meter outdoor dirt track.

Between classes, Merrill usually can be found studying in the farthest corner of the Connecticut College library. Bent over a book, she appears almost fragile. Her long brown hair is no longer drawn back severely in a ponytail, as it is when she runs, but cascades softly over her shoulders and back. Nowhere is there a hint of the hard, determined expression she wears when competing.

In similar contrast, Merrill is lively and open in college. In her French classes she converses freely with the teacher and her fellow students. When Higgins asks her to tend his sporting-goods store in New London, she is an attentive saleswoman. When she is with her family, she laughs loudly and spontaneously.

Around the dinner table, after grace has been said, the conversation often turns to swimming. Long before Jan started running, the Merrills were a swimming family. Jan herself swam competitively until she discovered that "in running there is more freedom." Jan seems to enjoy discussing her 17-year-old brother Joby's fears rather than her own. Joby, the youngest in the family, is a crack freestyler at St. Bernard High School. Their father, John, is the swimming coach at New London High. In the 1977 National Masters he won the 200-meter backstroke in his age group (60 to 64). Mrs. Merrill is the only member of the family who has never engaged in ath-

Jan Merrill, America's outstanding middle-distance runner, is schooled by her very own Professor Higgins

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ABBAYAGE

continued

letics, but of late she has taken up jogging.

The Merrills value academic achievement as highly as track or swimming titles. Jan's father, who has a masters degree in education from the University of Hartford, was a department head at the Navy's Underwater Systems Center in New London until his retirement last month; he now teaches mathematics and computer science at nearby Mitchell College. Mrs. Merrill's academic career is even more impressive, considering that she didn't become serious about it until she was 46. "I went back to college because I hate unfinished business," she says. She graduated from Connecticut College with a B.A. in chemistry in 1970 at the age of 49 and now is a lab instructor at Mitchell. Their older daughter, Joy, who is 29 and married, has a degree in history. Their son John, 26, is a graduate student at Harvard, and James, 20, is a junior at Lehigh.

Only a few trophies are on display around the house. They are either for swimming or track, depending on which member of the family had a victory most recently. The old trophies are consigned to the attic as fresh ones arrive. Over Jan's bed is an oil painting of a pair of yellow running shoes with three runners in the background. It was painted by Mrs. Merrill. "Painting helps me keep my sanity in this house where everybody talks about times," she says. The predominant color in Jan's room is olive-green—green carpet, green desk. "I like green," says Jan, "because my eyes are hazel with a green tint to them." Somehow the thought that Jan Merrill, who prefers to wear slacks and sweaters, would create a whole environment to complement her eyes is not an easy one to accept.

The gymnasium at the Coast Guard Academy is where Norm Higgins' charges engage in their indoor workouts. Besides Merrill, Higgins also coaches Judy Fontaine, a 21-year-old who was the second-best American in last year's AAU pentathlon championships. Merrill and Fontaine train every day, often on their own after Higgins has given them programs that they follow to the letter.

"In our programs we do different things, like throwing logs," says Higgins, who is something of an original. "I got that from an old book I found in Ger-

many. I believe in total body involvement." Higgins also believes that rigorous hill training should be largely confined to the fall season. "The misuse of hill training is like putting vinegar in apple pie," he says.

Another of Higgins' innovations is the "maze," a bewildering 3,000-meter course in the Arboretum, in which Merrill encounters a number of three-way forks and great slabs of rocks. "The maze is part of a test," he says. "You are not only asked to use your legs, but your brains as well." Mamacoke Island, where Merrill also trains, can only be reached by splashing through a marsh in which the water sometimes reaches well above Jan's ankles. "It's so beautiful to see her run through the marsh," Higgins says. "She has to work so hard."

On Mamacoke, where Merrill undertakes her most demanding long runs—the 10 kilometers she usually covers on Wednesdays and Sundays—she must pick her way over fallen trees, across rocks covered with slippery moss and, in winter, sheets of ice. She also trains on a 3,000-meter course along Miller Pond off the Old Colchester Road. Here the trail drops down steeply over boulders, almost to where the runoff from Miller Pond dam forms small waterfalls. "This helps you to jump like an elk," says Higgins. "On the ridge you can see deer sometimes." The ridge is part of the trail. "Once a group of dirt bike riders chased Jan all the way to the top," recalls Higgins, seemingly pleased with the extra incentive the bikers provided.

Higgins never shouts at Merrill or Fontaine and seldom criticizes. "I let them discover their own mistakes," he says. He will telephone them at night to find out how they feel and adapt his next day's schedule accordingly. From time to time he consults the logs the women keep to see whether his instructions have become too repetitive. "There are very few workouts that are the same," says Merrill. "Since I can't anticipate what he is going to tell me to do, I may be shocked sometimes. But after I have done it, I realize it was within my capabilities. Mr. Higgins knows what I am capable of."

Higgins the talker and teacher, Merrill the listener and doer. A melting of opposites. But the two share at least one quality—they are both disciples of discipline. Higgins, 42, has been a vegetarian since he was 20, though he eats fish.

He rarely drinks anything stronger than root beer, but when he was in Poland last year as coach of the U.S. pentathlon team, he won a toasting contest in which he mixed vodka and champagne with ice cream.

While stationed in Germany in the early '60s, Higgins was on the All-Army basketball and track teams. Soon after he returned to the U.S. in 1962, he went to Los Angeles to train with Mihály Igloi, the Hungarian taskmaster who had developed many fine runners. In 1964 he went to New York to try out for the Olympic marathon team. "It was a very nice day," he recalls with a chuckle, as if he were about to tell a very funny story. "About 95°. Buddy Edelen and I raced like hell, leading the field. I don't remember anything after 18 miles. The story goes that I sat down and someone poured water over my head, but I shook it off and started again. They had an ambulance following me. At 23 miles, I was still in second place. A guy came out of a bar and tried to hand me a beer, but I fell on him and broke his leg. I woke up in a hospital. It was the only race in my life that I didn't finish."

In 1966 he was the fastest American in the Boston Marathon behind four Japanese, and a month later he returned to New York to win the AAU marathon championship. In 1968 Higgins refused to run in the Eastern regional trials for the Olympics because it was a day of mourning for Robert Kennedy. He tried to make the team again in 1972, but finished ninth in the Trials.

Higgins began coaching in 1969—without pay—at St. Bernard Girls High School (now coed), making ends meet by becoming a Fuller Brush salesman, and later by selling sporting goods out of his car. He left St. Bernard in 1975 after opening his small store on New London's Bank Street, but he never turned it into the kind of lucrative business that the stores of Marty Liquori, Frank Shorter and Bill Rodgers have become. Fontaine helps run the business, but when she, Merrill and Higgins are off competing or training, the store is closed. Many of Higgins' uncovered expenses come out of the drawer in the store. Merrill gets her way paid to most competitions, but Higgins and Fontaine frequently don't. Yet, when a large life insurance company recently offered Higgins a hefty contribution, he turned it down. "I don't want Jan to have to stand

around at conventions with a wineglass in her hand," he says.

Merrill met Higgins in the fall of 1973 when she ran her first 1,500-meter cross-country race in the Arboretum. She was a senior at Waterford High and had already won state championships in the half mile and the mile and had put the shot 35 feet. "All I can remember," she says, "is that he had this turtle in his hands and kept saying, 'Look what I found! A big turtle!'" Merrill finished second behind Fontaine and asked Higgins, who was the organizer of the competition, whether she could run in more races. "It wasn't a pushy thing," she says. "He wasn't recruiting me. I started working out with him once a week."

"She was also an outstanding field hockey player," recalls her high school coach, Vivien Novicki. "She was totally dedicated, hardworking. I remember once we were coming home from a field hockey game, and we were talking about her potential in track. I remember telling her that she had Olympic potential. I'll never forget the look on her face. 'Do you really think so?' she said."

"My two oldest children had piano lessons from the time they were eight," says Mrs. Merrill, "but they didn't want to practice. So I wasn't going to put Jim through the same thing. But then when she was eight, she said one day, 'When is my turn?' She wanted to play the piano, too, and she is the only one who has kept it up. She will work hard, but she doesn't consider it work. When we drove to swim training, she would get very upset when we were getting there late, even when she was only eight years old. Mr. Higgins inherited all the discipline she got from swim training."

Jim swam competitively for the local YMCA for nine years. In her last two summers, she was swimming 10,000 meters a day. She lost 15 pounds and her weight has stayed around 110 ever since. Swimming, she feels, made her heart strong.

In January of 1974 she ran a mile in an indoor meet at Dartmouth and came in second in 4:56.9. "That encouraged me to become a runner," she says. "I felt if I could break five minutes with limited training, I could develop further." But she still ran like a swimmer; in one of her early indoor meets she stayed in the second lane the whole way. That summer she finished second in the 1,500 at the junior nationals, clocking 4:36.

Merrill's first major running success came at the 1975 Pan-American Games in Mexico City when she won the 1,500 in 4:18.3. She treasures a picture that shows her finishing the race with a big smile—a rare find indeed. Even she says, "It's the best picture that has ever been taken of me."

Merrill spent two years at a junior college—Thames Valley State Technical College—where the classroom schedules allowed her more time to prepare for the 1976 Olympics. That year, she won both the one-mile and two-mile at the AAU indoor nationals with barely time to recover in between. Merrill also won the 3,000 at the 1976 outdoor nationals and finished second in the 1,500 at the Olympic Trials.

"Just making the Olympic team was the biggest thrill of my life," she says. "I was in a daze. Montreal was so beautiful. There were a lot of girls in the rooms, but I kind of made my corner, and when it got too noisy I went into the park and napped there." At Montreal, she is best remembered for her semifinal race. With 200 meters to go, she sprinted from sixth to first place—only to be passed in the last 40 meters. But she set an American record of 4:02.6, which still stands, even while finishing fifth. As the fastest loser, she qualified for the finals. (In 1972, when the women's 1,500 became an Olympic event, no American made it into the finals.) "The next day came so quickly," says Merrill, "and it was a slow race." She came in eighth, Russia's Tatyana Kazankina winning in 4:05.5.

Since then Merrill has won the national cross-country championship twice and was seventh at the international championship last March. Last winter she set an indoor world record of 3:57.6 in the 3,000 meters. In June, she accomplished another remarkable double by winning the 1,500 and 3,000 at the AAUs. Last month at the Olympic Invitational indoor meet in Madison Square Garden, where she won the 1,500 over archrival Francie Larrieu, she received the AAU's C.C. Jackson Award as the country's outstanding female track and field athlete of 1978.

Given her performances so far this fall and winter, Merrill can only get better. In October she ran in a 10,000-meter mixed road race at Hartford, Conn. in 32:22, almost a minute faster than the American record Peg Neppel set on a track. And one afternoon last December

she entered a two-mile race in the Coast Guard Academy's Pre-Indoor Relay Carnival, a sort of B race for men who had not broken 9:20. Merrill could have run in a women's mile, but Higgins opted for the men's race, because, he said, "It's good for her. There are 40 to 50 men in this race and that means confusion. It will prepare her for those chaotic places like Madison Square Garden."

Merrill started off in the lead, then dropped to seventh. "Get yourself out of the traffic, then get settled," Higgins had advised her. With 600 yards to go, he called to her, "Pick up two seconds!" Merrill sprinted ahead, finishing fourth. Her time of 9:38.9 was a half-second faster than Francie Larrieu's American and world indoor record.

In January she ran another two-mile race against nine men at the Academy, and lowered her time to 9:31.7, bending a few egos along the way. Near the finish she outspurred two runners from Fitchburg State to come in fifth. "They don't want to talk about the race," said Fitchburg State Coach Jim Sheehan. His assistant added, "I'd be before I would ever be beaten by a woman."

Merrill's 9:31.7 will not be an American record because the AAU doesn't accept women's times in mixed races; the theory is that the women gain an unfair advantage by being pulled along by the faster men. Because the International Amateur Athletic Federation, track and field's ruling body, doesn't recognize world indoor records, there are no official marks in this category. However, because *Track & Field News*, which is a responsible organization, has recognized Merrill's 9:31.7, it will become a *de facto* world record.

But don't expect Merrill to stand around chatting about her triumphs over male or female competition. "I don't know what to say," she says. "People sometimes think I'm different because I'm an athlete. But I'm not built any bigger than anybody else. I'm just medium-like. I really don't stand out."

"Mr. Higgins is disingenuous. He stands out in a crowd. He has a lot of devotion. He never gives up, and if you don't either, you will be successful. Yes, maybe I do use him as a shield, and I don't see what's wrong with that."

Higgins, after all, is part of her environment. **END**

All's more than well at Alcorn

Not many know it, but Alcorn State has played 25 games and won 25 games

In his novel *Invisible Man*, Ralph Ellison depicted whites going about their business as if the blacks around them either didn't exist or had no more significance than footstools. Today, according to partisans of Alcorn State University basketball, there should be a sequel entitled "Invisible Team"—the story of the Alcorn Braves, who have won 25 games and lost none but still can't get so much as a tie for 40th in any poll.

Hidden away in the boondocks of

southwestern Mississippi, predominantly Black Alcorn (pronounced All-corn) is forlorn for more than just geographical reasons. It is an NCAA Division I school, and unbeaten, yet most of the nation's sportswriters and sportscasters persist in saying that Indiana State is the only unbeaten major-college team.

The few who do know that Alcorn even exists scoff when they look over the Braves' schedule, which includes the likes of Savannah State, Bishop, Mississippi Valley State and Tougaloo. Also, Alcorn is ineligible to participate in the NCAA tournament because it has not yet completed the three years of adherence to a 2.00 average entrance requirement. Some people think the school has been penalized for breaking rules, which isn't true.

The one place where the Braves have been getting plenty of notice, though, is the weekly NCAA statistics sheets. According to the latest, they have been outrebounding opponents by more than 15 a game (best in the nation), outscoring them by 14.8 (fifth), averaging 93.8 points a game (second only to Nevada-Las Vegas) and, unusual for a run-and-gun operation, holding foes to a 43.5 field-goal shooting percentage (15th).

The star of the team is Larry (Mr. Mean) Smith, a 6'8" junior forward from Hollandale, Miss., who is sixth in the nation in rebounding and 18th in field-goal percentage. One reason for his 60% shooting is that Smith considers any shot taken from more than four feet from the hoop to be cheating.

The only man around who is "meaner" than Smith is Alcorn's screwy little disciplinarian and coach, Dave Whitney, 49, a former shortstop for the black Kansas City Monarchs. If a player

misbehaves at dinner, Whitney will make him get down and do pushups right there, even if it's in a restaurant. Curfew violators get awakened at 2 or 3 a.m. to run laps.

"All these guys were stars in high school," says Whitney, "but they know before they come here what we expect of them. They can be stars here, too, but they have to be stars within our system. We're a fast-break team. We try to run over you, that's for sure. We like a lot of movement. A lot of black teams just run and shoot, but we can do a lot of other things. We don't turn them loose. We stress discipline."

As Alcorn works its full-court presses and fast breaks, it's not always easy to detect discipline on the court, but Whitney insists it's there. Certainly the talent and poise are very evident. Alcorn beat Kentucky State, Whitney's alma mater, in overtime at a neutral site, Jackson, Miss., and in a game at Baton Rouge the Braves rallied from eight points behind with 1:23 to play to beat Southern U. in overtime.

Alcorn easily clinched the regular-season championship of the seven-team Southwestern Athletic Conference, and is expected to extend its record to 27-0 in the league tournament this weekend in Baton Rouge. Alcorn is hoping that a perfect record will secure a bid to the National Invitation Tournament—and a trip from obscurity.

One big reason for Alcorn's lack of recognition is its isolation. Alcorn's mailing address is Lorman, Miss., which is about 40 miles south of Vicksburg and 30 miles north of Natchez. Lorman consists of a stop sign, a few buildings and a historical marker commemorating an 1864 Civil War skirmish. Actually, the 2,700-acre campus, set a few miles from the Mississippi, is seven miles west of Lorman, and the road to the school is flanked here and there by pecking chickens and foraging goats. Night life consists mainly of playing pool in the student union and listening to some of Dixie's loudest crickets.

Naturally, the setting appeals mostly to youngsters from Mississippi hamlets.

continued



Coach Whitney hopes his Braves will get an invitation to the NIT.



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The Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women annually selects ten of the best women collegiate basketball players to represent the Kodak Women's All-America Basketball Team. In the ever-increasing field of competitive sports for women, Kodak is proud to serve as the sponsor of a program recognizing women for athletic leadership.

The Eastman Award is voted annually by the National Association of Basketball Coaches to the college basketball player who represents the best in athletic ability, sportsmanship, and contribution to team play. The annual winner of the Eastman Award represents the best college basketball player in the nation. The award is on permanent display in the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Massachusetts.



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In conjunction with the United States Ski Association, Kodak sponsors the Medals for Miles cross-country ski awards. The awards are presented by the USSA to cross-country skiers who have completed 25 (children under 12), 75, 150, 300, and 500 miles in one season. Medals for Miles is a self-participatory program encouraging individuals to reach their own goals.



1980 OLYMPICS

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For example, the basketball players hail from such towns as Holly Bluff, Belzoni, Walnut Grove, Rolling Fork and Mound Bayou. It is to Whitney's credit as a recruiter that three starters are from relatively big cities: Ronnie Smith from Jackson, Miss., Cornelius Jenkins from Jacksonville, Fla. and Alfredo Monroe from Kansas City, Mo.

Alcorn is the nation's oldest land-grant college for blacks. Oakland College, a Presbyterian school for white males, was on the Lorman site from 1830 to the start of the Civil War, when the students took up arms. Oakland didn't reopen after the war. In Reconstruction days (1871) a mostly black state legislature voted Alcorn into existence and named it after a white governor, James L. Alcorn. Alcorn University became Alcorn Agricultural & Mechanical College in 1878, then Alcorn State U five years ago. Its most famous alumnus probably was civil rights leader Medgar Evers ('52), who was a star halfback for the Braves. His brother, Charles Evers ('51), is the mayor of Fayette, down the road toward Natchez.

Alcorn has not turned out nearly as many pro athletes as Grambling, which is a 2½-hour drive away, in Louisiana. In fact, Alcorn's most prominent basketball alumnus is Willie Norwood, a second-round draft choice of the Detroit Pistons in 1969 who played seven seasons in the NBA.

Last Saturday night Alcorn played its 15th road game this season, traveling to Grambling. Earlier in the week the Braves had battered Bishop by 17 points in their own modern 8,000-seat gym, lifting their record to 24-0, but Grambling figured to be a much tougher opponent. In their first meeting, at Alcorn, the score had been 40-40 at the half, but then Larry Smith scored 28 points and grabbed 18 rebounds in the second half as Alcorn won by 14.

Tow-track operators were doing a thriving business pulling cars out of icy ditches on Interstate 20, but more than 4,500 fans squeezed into Grambling's outdated little gym—making it toasty, even hot.

Grambling played a tough zone defense (most Alcorn rivals do, in an attempt to offset the Braves' rebounding edge), and with Grambling Guard Martin Lemelle throwing in jump shots from the sidelines, Alcorn led only 44-43 at halftime. With 45 seconds left to play

in the game, the score was tied at 74.

Then, Alcorn Guard Ronnie Smith took an inbounds pass, and Grambling freshman Kenney Simpson made the mistake of trying to steal the ball. Simpson missed, flew by—and Smith dribbled to the basket. Somebody had to pick him up, which left Center Alfredo Monroe open underneath. Smith fed him for the winning basket. The final score was 76-74.

So Alcorn had its 25th win without a loss, and Whitney had the 280th victory of his college coaching career. Mr. Mean had 17 rebounds but only eight points. Unless he unveils a perimeter jump shot in his senior year, it's doubtful that Larry Smith will make the pros.

"This was a bad game," he said. "I didn't get the ball inside that zone. Just couldn't score. But we won again. I think we definitely should go to the NIT. I don't know what else it takes. If we all play like we've been playing, I think we could go all the way."

THE WEEK

(Feb. 12-18)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

Right off, one could tell it would be a high-class affair, before Baylor played at Texas, the floor was swept by two janitors wearing turbans. The previous 10 games between the teams had been settled by five points or less, but this time the Longhorns cleaned up 102-83 as Tyrone Brantley fired in 41 points. Texas Coach Abe Lemons said of Brantley, the master of the jumpshot jumper, "He's like a white buffalo—the rarest of them all." Texas also trimmed Texas A&M 65-57 behind John Moore's 23 points and squarred past Texas Tech 63-56 in overtime as Ron Baxter came off the bench to contribute 17 points and 10 rebounds. Arkansas stayed one game behind the Longhorns in the South-west Conference dogfight by defeating Baylor 71-62, Southern Methodist 71-55 and Houston 78-58. In their win at Baylor, the Razorbacks shot 83.3% in the second half and set an SWC record with 74.4% accuracy for the game.

"He passed up a lot of shots, but I think he does it to keep everybody happy. He's absolutely the total team player." That was the opinion of player-coach Dave Cowens of the Boston Celtics after he watched Larry Bird's 27-point, 19-rebound, five-assist performance in Indiana State's 100-75 win over West Texas State that locked up the

Missouri Valley Conference title for the Sycamores. Unbeaten ISU, first in the latest AP poll, then held off Southern Illinois 69-68 as Bird had 20 points. Carl Nicks 19 and Steve Reed earned two free throws in the last 14 seconds.

Louisville, however, was unable to stave off an upset. The Cardinals led 44-35 with 17:51 left at Memphis State, but Tiger Coach Wayne Yates, whose resignation is effective at the end of the season, moved James Bradley to center, inserted Forward Jeff Baile and Guard Kevin Fromm and ordered a four-corner offense. Memphis State made those moves pay off, scoring the game's final eight points and winning 60-53. Two days earlier, the Cardinals had clinched first place in the Metro 7 by trouncing off St. Louis 78-62.

"The way things have been going for us, even our student manager, Gary Church, sprained his ankle this week," said Colorado Coach Bill Blair after a 67-62 loss to Oklahoma. It has been anything but a blissful season for the Buffaloes, who faced the Sooners with only six healthy players from an original squad of 14. The defeat of Colorado, coupled with a 79-58 drubbing of Nebraska, in which John McCullough sank his last 13 field-goal tries and scored 28 points, kept the Sooners atop the Big Eight. One game back was Kansas State. That's right, Kansas State, not preseason-favorite Kansas, which lost to the Wildcats 85-56 when Ed Neely converted two free throws with one second left. Kansas State also came from nine points back to beat Oklahoma State 59-50 as Rolando Blackman had 24 points.

Southwestern Louisiana moved to within half a game of Lamar in the Southland Conference. The Ragin' Cajuns got 32 points from Andrew Torney as they knocked off Louisiana Tech 70-59. Tony had 27 more in an 88-84 defeat of Lamar.

Northeast Louisiana's 16th straight victory, on 88-72 win against Illinois State, was built around Calvin Natt's 24 points and 11 rebounds.

1. INDIANA STATE (24-0)

2. TEXAS (20-5) 3. ARKANSAS (20-4)

WEST

Just when it seemed UCLA would win again at Pauley Pavilion, Arizona State stormed back. Down 79-74 with less than two minutes left, the Sun Devils reeled off nine consecutive points in 1:34 to take an 83-79 lead. Then, just when it seemed the Bruins would suffer a rare home loss, they put on a dazzling spurt. Roy Hamilton's two final shots cut UCLA's deficit to 83-81 with nine seconds remaining. State's inbounds pass was picked off by Kiki Vandeweghe, who was fouled and tied the score at 83 with a pair of free throws. Seven seconds to go. Downcourt came the Sun Devils. A 25-foot shot went off the rim

continued

and was rebuffed by the Bruins' Brad Holland, who was fouled in the process. There was no time left on the clock as Holland made both foul shots to give UCLA an 85-83 verdict. Or did it? Because there was a fraction of a second left on the electric timer, the officials and the Bruins, all of whom had left the floor, were brought back out. A long inbound pass by State went for naught, and the buzzer sounded to make UCLA's win official. The Bruins' first in last week's UPI poll, then smothered Arizona 110-66 as David Greenwood scored 31 points.

Even though its star center, Cliff Robinson, was out with an ailing foot, Southern Cal knocked off Arizona 70-67 and Arizona State 75-59 to return two games behind UCLA in the Pac 10. Oregon State bumped Washington State from third place, 66-52, as Steve Johnson had 23 points. And then the Beavers floored Washington 75-69.

"I think we'll be walking into a couple of wars," said Coach Gary Colson as he readied Pepperdine for a trip to Portland and Seattle. The Waves started off by gunning down the Pilots 78-69, with Dille Mason on target for 18 points. That was the seventh defeat in the last 11 games for Portland, which began the season 13-0. With San Francisco having lost 87-83 at Nevada-Reno, Pepperdine thus moved a game ahead of the Dons in the West Coast AC. At Seattle, however, the Waves ran out of ammunition and lost 91-79. Leading the Chieftans to victory were Clint Richardson with 16 points, 12 rebounds and nine assists, Keith Harrell with 20 points, and Carl Ervin with 19. San Francisco's Bill Cartwright, who had scored 28 points in the loss at Reno, got 31 as the Dons walloped St. Mary's 104-69 to move back into a tie for first with Pepperdine. The two lead-ers clash this Friday at USF.

Utah entered its showdown for the Western AC lead at Brigham Young without two regulars, Darryl Vranes was suffering from a concussion and Earl Williams from a broken foot. Thus, the Cougars had little trouble whipping the Utes 76-50.

Weber State clinched at least a tie for the Big Sky championship, polishing off Idaho 56-45 and Gonzaga 73-66. Northern Arizona got 52 points and 23 rebounds from Mark Stevens while cruising past Gonzaga 84-65 and Idaho 82-69. Riddling the nets once again was Idaho State's Lawrence Butler, the nation's top scorer. For the seventh time in his last eight games, Butler had 30 or more points, getting exactly that as the Bengals mowed down Montana State 89-83. Butler then had 26 points in a 78-77 overtime decision over Montana.

By toppling UC-Irvine 73-53 and Cal State-Fullerton 62-52, Pacific took charge of the Pacific Coast AA race.

1.UCLA (20-3)

2.USC (15-8) 3.SAN FRANCISCO (19-6)

MIDEAST

A shot in the head might well have given Marquette a shot in the arm. Bernard Toome of the Warriors became angered when LeRoy Stampley of Loyola of Chicago clung to his arm after being called for a foul so he smacked Stampley in the face with the ball. Toome was hit with a technical, but the aroused Warriors quickly pumped in 10 points in 1:54 and won 75-63. Marquette also disposed of Seton 86-78.

"Larry, Curly and Mo could have done a better job of making up the SEC schedule," complained LSU Coach Dale Brown after his team's second three-games-in-six-days road trip of the season. Nevertheless, Brown had the last laugh as the Tigers completed a sweep of their latest junket by rallying from 12 points down in the last 17 minutes to beat Auburn 78-68. Substitute Jody Hulseberg, who sank eight straight field goals and scored 20 points against Auburn, came off the bench to pop in 15 points in LSU beat Mississippi 67-62 at home. DeWayne Scales added 24 points for the Tigers to help offset a 31-point spree by John Stroud. Ole Miss' conference scoring leader.

Vanderbilt's Mike Rhodes outscored Alabama's Reggie King 32-29 in the Commodores' 65-57 triumph. Georgia then jared Vanderbilt 63-60 as Walter Daniels scored 26 points while holding Rhodes to seven. And Alabama, after blowing a 16-point second-half edge, throttled Auburn 80-73 behind King's 26 points and 18 rebounds. All of which left LSU in first place, two games in front of Vanderbilt and 2½ ahead of the Crimson Tide.

Michigan State played with verve, but could not gain ground in the Big Ten. The Spartans broke a 30-30 tie at Indiana by scoring the first eight points of the second half, then went on to win 59-47. Next came an 80-57 drubbing of Michigan. In registering their most convincing victory over the Wolverines since 1942, the Spartans, who built a 38-16 halftime lead, got 21 points from Earvin Johnson and 20 from Gregory Kiser, who became State's all-time scoring leader.

Still clinging to first place—and a one-game bulge over Michigan State—were Iowa and Ohio State. The Hawkeyes beat Purdue 75-72 to drop the Boilermakers out of a first-place tie. Iowa then downed Illinois 67-53 as Ronnie Lester scored 19 points and, as Coach Lute Olson put it, "communicated very well on his outlet pass." Ohio State prevailed 74-68 at Minnesota in a battle of huge centers. 6'11" Herb Williams of the Buckeyes had 26 points and 12 rebounds, while 6'10" Kevin McHale of the Gophers had 28 and 13. But Minnesota had no one to match State Guard Kelvin Ramsey's 20 points. Ramsey scored 25 more as the Buckeyes dumped Northwestern 88-73. Purdue stayed a game

off the pace by beating Minnesota 80-56.

Detroit raised its record to 20-4, downing St. Bonaventure 106-101 in overtime and stomping Colgate 86-66. Earl Cureton kept Detroit motoring with 22 points and 23 rebounds against the Bonnies as the Titans overcame a 16-point deficit in the last 12 minutes of regulation play. Terry Duero had 26 points in that game and added 37 against the Red Raiders.

Toledo, which has the seventh-best defense among Division I teams, limited visiting Ball State to seven points on its last 15 possessions to pull out an 82-69 victory. Val Bracey's 22 points carried Central Michigan past Western Michigan 94-86 and into a tie with Toledo for first place in the Mid-American Conference.

1.NOTRE DAME (19-3)

2.LSU (21-3) 3.MICHIGAN STATE (18-5)

EAST

When Maryland upset No. 1-ranked Notre Dame three weeks ago, it was Greg Manning who passed off for the game-tying basket in the waning moments. Last week, with eight seconds to go and Maryland tied with visiting Duke at 68, it was Manning who once again had the ball. This time, though, he did not pass off. Instead, Manning put a neat fake on Jim Spanakel and tucked an eight-foot jumper for the basket that gave the Terps a 70-68 victory over the AP's fifth-ranked Blue Devils. Manning's 23 points and a tight 1-2-2 zone that forced the Blue Devils to shoot mainly from the outside or baseline were largely responsible for Maryland's upset win. Before that, Duke had struggled past North Carolina State 64-48, breaking a 38-all deadlock by outscoring the Wolfpack 21-4. On Sunday, the Blue Devils looked like the impressive team they had been expected to be, sweeping past Louisville 88-72 as Gene Banks tossed in 23 points and Mike Gminski 22.

After thumping William and Mary 85-60, North Carolina won 66-57 at Virginia, as Al Wood fired over the Cavaliers' zone for most of his 22 points. Vital, too, were two blocked shots by Mike D'Koren, both of which were turned into baskets as Carolina took a 52-46 lead. That victory moved the Tar Heels into a tie for the Atlantic Coast Conference lead with Duke and set the stage for this Saturday's showdown.

During the first half of both its road games, Notre Dame played with little inspiration or perspiration. At Madison Square Garden, the Irish led Manhattan 30-23 at halftime before wiping out the Jaspers 86-63. During the first 20 minutes at West Virginia, the Irish looked about as inspired as the green and white marshmallows thrown at them by the crowd of 15,118—the largest in the state's history for a basketball game—and trailed 28-25 at

intermission. Once again, though, Notre Dame wore down the opposition, this time winning 70-54.

By sinking 10 of its first 13 floor shots, St. John's spurred to an eight-point advantage in Syracuse. But the Orangemen rallied to take their 15th straight game and 43rd in a row at home, 79-72. A second-half zone helped slow down the Redmen, who were undone by Louis Orr's 20 points, 14 rebounds and six assists.

Wagner continued to pump life into its once-sagging basketball program by beating Manhattan 66-55, Boston University 73-72 and New Haven 83-68. Those triumphs extended the Staten Island school's victory streak to 14 games and its overall record to 19-5.

Both Boston College and Georgetown notched their 19th and 20th wins. The Eagles did so by trimming Dartmouth 66-56 and McCormack 105-73. The Hoyas by stopping Stonehill 69-59 and Boston College 84-81. Although BC scored the game's

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOE BARRY CARROLL: Purdue's 7'1" junior hit on 28 of 46 field-goal tries and pulled down 25 rebounds. He had 36 points in a 75-72 loss at Iowa and scored 29 more in the Boilermakers' 80-56 victory over Minnesota.

first nine and last six points, Georgetown was in command most of the way. What amounted to a six-point play enabled Georgetown to move from a 30-29 lead to a 36-29 bulge—and break the game open. Four of those points came on free throws by Ed Spriggs, who had been fouled, and John Duren, who took two extra shots when BC Coach Tom Davis was tagged with a technical for objecting to the call. The other points came on a field goal following the rebounds play.

Retiring Providence Coach Dave Gavitt was given a going-away present of sorts. In his final home game, the Friars stunned Rhode Island, which had thrashed them by 44 points earlier in the season, by an 84-77 score. Rudy Williams had 28 points for Providence, two on a heave-ho 92-foot field goal that closed out the first half.

There was plenty of action in Philadelphia, where Temple's 20th victory was a 103-67 drubbing of American University and where Penn stretched its Ivy League record to 9-0 by defeating Dartmouth 59-54 and Harvard 86-73. That left the Quakers with 123 wins in their last 135 Ivy contests. In an intricacy Big Five battle, though, Penn was an 89-80 loser to Villanova, which got 39 points from Tom Senkiewicz.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (20-4)
2. SYRACUSE (21-2) 3. DUKE (19-5)

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And so now we are seven

Robin had reached an advanced age in the SORC, but after several appearances under different names for different owners she was doing her thing again

Three years ago the hottest entry in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference was a new 41-footer from San Diego named *Williwaw*. Two years ago it was the novel *Imp*, a 40-foot San Francisco hull that, because of its fancy interior pipe skeleton, was nicknamed the "unbeatable boiler room." Last year's top boat was *Mr. Jumpy*, a beamy, 36-foot, ultralight New Zealand boat that resembled a truncated ukulele as much as an ocean racer. Yet none of these distinguished hulls ever won an overall SORC title for the simple reason that there was no such title. In an effort to keep the older boats coming back, the people who run the circuit set up two divisions in 1976, one for the avant-garde and another for the slightly elderly. Nevertheless, if there had been a prize for the best in the whole fleet, *Williwaw*, *Imp* and *Mr. Jumpy* would have gotten it, and the older hulls would have been well in the rack.

To take two cases, in 1977 a 5-year-old 36-footer called *Abmo Robin* won her older division class handily, taking four firsts and two fourths in the six-race series. Yet, measured against the whole fleet, her best finish was 28th out of 68. Last year a 6-year-old 36-footer named *Hoodwinker* took a first, a fourth and two sevenths to win her class, but her best overall placing was 58th in a fleet of 84.

This year an even more elderly 7-year-old boat named simply *Robin* seemed out to prove that old folks could do it all, though not without difficulty. In her first race, a short, triangular affair off St. Petersburg, her troubles were minor and she did handsomely. In that race fog was the problem, and quite a few of the hulls with blue-ribbon crews were low of the last mark and had to tack up to it. Large-

ly by dint of excellent navigation, *Robin* won her class and finished 10th overall out of 75, a remarkable performance considering that 27 of her rivals were less than a year old.

That was *Robin*'s last easy race. In the next test, on a course of roughly 400 miles from St. Petersburg around the Florida peninsula to Fort Lauderdale, *Robin* suffered the worst kind of trouble in gust-busting weather. With nearly three-quarters of the course still ahead, she broke her boom in 25- to 35-knot winds. She finished with a loose-footed mainsail clewed to a spinnaker pole jury-rigged as a boom. An hour after the boom went, when her crew tried to change to a smaller jib in rising air, the halyard jammed and the jib would not go fully up or come down. Retirement at Key West was a logical option, but *Robin* carried on and was rewarded for her perseverance. She again won her class and—*mirabile dictu!*—despite her crippled condition beat every one of her 63 rivals, new and old, on corrected time.

In the third race—a 187-mile triangular course from Miami across the Gulf Stream to the Great Bahama Bank, then back to West Palm Beach and down to Miami—*Robin* had more difficulties. On the first leg, while the crew was trying to ease a loaded spinnaker in 20-knot wind, a sea caught the stern and swung it so that the spinnaker filled on the opposite side. The boat went over for nearly 10 seconds, its spreaders in the water, its hands hanging onto whatever they could grab. The spinnaker split from the pressure of the water it had picked up, and it was 10 minutes before *Robin* had another workable foresail up. How did old *Robin* fare after this delay? Once again she won her class, and once again she

beat the whole fleet—65 this time—on corrected time.

At the end of those three races *Robin* had accumulated 1,091 points, 29.5 more than her nearest rival, *High Roller*, a new 44-footer from San Diego. Granted that *Robin*'s standing midway through the series was helped by a boat-handicapping system favoring older vessels, it was still a remarkable achievement—somewhat as if *Mauri Rose* were to show up at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway with an old four-banger Offenhauser roadster and qualify for the front row in this year's Indy 500.

In this age of rapid obsolescence, when a racing sailor's mind is filled with intricacies of design and all the fancy doohickies that make a boat go, it is sometimes hard to remember that the quality of the crew is an equal factor in performance. Consider the performance of *Robin* this year. The selfsame boat has been around the SORC for a while, under different owners and names. Two years ago she was the *Abmo Robin* cited above as never scoring better than 28th in fleet. Last year she was the *Hoodwinker* cited above that could not place better than 58th. The difference this year is that she is campaigning again under 51-year-old Ted Hood, the sailmaker who designed her for himself back in 1972.

Ted Hood never raced seriously as a skipper until he was 19. Dissatisfied with the sails he could buy, he started cutting his own. That hobby became his occupation, and he turned to designing ocean-going boats. An inordinately large number of his hulls he designed for himself and named *Robin*. (Hood has lost count but reckons that in the past 20 years he has owned at least 25 *Robins* and probably 30.)

The affection he has for his *Robins* is the sort Tommy Manville had for his wives. Few has he kept for more than two years; some *Robins* he has sold within six months, impelled by the urge to design one still better. He has designed *Robins* with yawl rigs and sloop rigs, with fixed keels and centerboards. Some have been wood, others steel, aluminum or Fiberglas. He has owned as many as three

Robins at one time, in such instances calling one simply *Robin* and the others *Robin Too* and *Robin Too II*.

In yacht racing, where frustrations abound and ordinary men suddenly blow like so many Roman candles, Hood is known as the most unflappable of men. Sean Leary, the paid captain on the present *Robin*, maintains that Hood's reputation is slightly bloated. Leary is certain he has seen him in an agitated state several times for as long as 10 seconds. In the proper style of a New Englander from Marblehead, Mass., Hood is taciturn but graced with a pawky sense of humor. His talent today as sailmaker, designer, builder and skipper is fortified by the fact that over the years he has taken the best and the worst in stride.

He was the skipper of *Courageous* in her first defense of the America's Cup. He was skipper of *Independence*, the prospective defender that lost out to *Courageous* two years ago. In 1956 he had the 5.5-meter berth on the U.S. Olympic sailing team virtually in his pocket, needing to place only 13th out of 14 in the last race of the trials. The shackle on his main halyard parted, so he lost the spot to Andy Schoettle, who went on to win the bronze medal. The same year Hood won the North American Sailing Championship. Four years later he again lost the Olympic spot in the final race, this time to George O'Day, who went on to win the gold. In 1973, at the helm of *Robin*—the same one that he is racing this winter—he took third

overall in the SORC. The following year he won the SORC in one of his *Robin Too II*'s.

Hood's early successes this season came at a rather dark moment for the SORC. For the first time since the series was organized in 1952, crewmen died in competition. In the tough winds of the Fort Lauderdale race, Tom Curtis, a New York yacht broker serving on *Obsession*, a new boat, was struck by the boom when it swung across in an unintentional jibe. He was dead before a Coast Guard helicopter could get him to Key West. In the third race, just after sundown, Tom Curnow, a crewman on the boat *Prima*, went over the stern. A line thrown to him fouled on the propeller. The navigator, Nils Muench, got to Curnow in the water with a line, but the slack mainsail filled when the boat yawed on a wave, pulling both men under a big sea and causing Muench to lose his grip. Curnow has not been found.

Both the third and fourth races of the series require the competitors to cross the Gulf Stream twice. The fourth race, called the Lipton Cup, is the flukier of the two because one crossing leg slopes south, bucking the Stream diagonally. In this year's Lipton Cup, freakish air coupled with meanders knocked the previous results into a cocked hat. As a consequence, some of the leading boats held their positions in the standings, and some went down the tubes, among them good old *Robin*. A number of small red-hot boats fell so far behind in the light air on the eastern side of the Stream and were carried so far north that they still had 80 miles to go on the 135-mile triangle when the first big boat crossed the finish line. A new 45-foot *Williwaw*, gambling that the wind would clock, tacked over in the middle of the Stream. When the wind backed instead of clocking, *Williwaw* was further from the first turning mark 10 hours after the start than she had been at the line.

As a consequence of such flakiness, *Robin* finished a wretched 45th out of 66. She was able to hold her edge over some of her closest rivals but lost badly to others. She dropped 64.5 points to *Acadia*, the 2-year-old Bermuda Race winner, and 40.5 to *High Roller*, the San Diego boat that had been second. With two races to go, *Robin* stood fourth overall, 19 points out of first. A bit of a comedown, but still a good showing for an old girl in a fast-moving set. **END**

At the start of the Lipton Cup, *Robin* reaches off into fuky waters that would cost her dearly





Devil's Backbone Reef hides the world's strangest shipwreck... and a case of Canadian Club.



Since Columbus first came ashore here, sailing men have been littering the Bahamas' blue waters with shipwrecks. Some carried treasure, some crowned heads. But the strangest of all carried a train.

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diver's paradise, we thought, and a perfect place to hide a case of C.C.

We headed for Romora Bay Club on Harbour Island. The club could provide us a launch and guides to explore the reef. Nearby Dunmore Town could offer Bahamian entertainment, complete with Canadian Club. But no one could provide us with a reliable story of how or when the train had sunk on the reef.

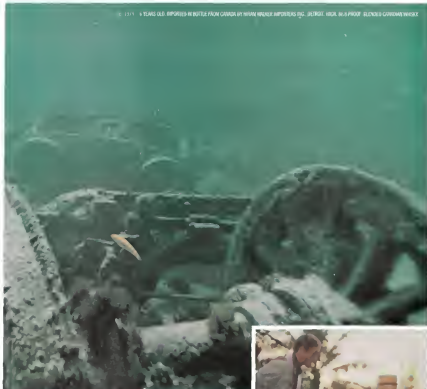
A barracuda stands watch.

During our first dive, our guide pointed to a silver shadow above. Five feet long, half of that jaws, the menacing presence was a barracuda. Keeping a respectful distance, our search for a hiding place fanned out from the train wreck. We combed Devil's Backbone until we found a devilish hiding place

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To raise the C.C., you'll need scuba gear, guts and muscle: it weighs 200





pounds. Start where a "tinner boat" went down on Devil's Backbone. Follow a channel across the reef to an old Ward Line steamer wreck (try this only in bright sunlight or you'll lose your boat). Take a bearing from its bow. Not more than 200 yards along, where the reef slopes into deep water and a big Nassau grouper lives, we sunk that

heavily weighted, watertight case of Canadian Club. You can see exactly where it lies in the picture above.

May your seas for the search be as smooth as our whisky. Note: nonswimmers may discover their own Canadian Club adventure at bars or package stores by just saying "C.C., please."

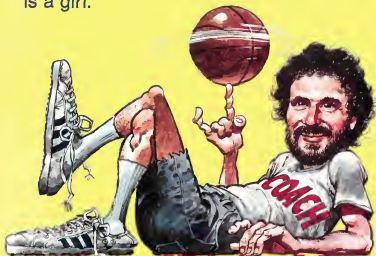
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COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU!

On Saturday, Jan. 20, in seven southern Michigan counties, 141 state law-enforcement officers and 30 special agents of the Federal Government moved in on a seven-year-old poaching ring. In a classic early-morning-bow raid, 54 persons were arrested and tons of evidence—the carcasses of whitetail deer, rabbit, squirrel, duck, pheasant and partridge—were seized and transported to the State Fairgrounds in Detroit.

The raids and arrests resulted from the work of three undercover agents who had infiltrated the ring. It took them more than two years to identify the ring members and collect enough evidence to put them out of business. The arrests brought a halt to a million-dollar operation in which thousands of wild animals were poached from the southern Michigan countryside and taken to Detroit for distribution. The ring consisted of "killers"—which is what the actual poachers called themselves—collectors, wholesal-

The Michigan massacre

Federal and state authorities make a big bust on a million-dollar poaching ring

ers, distributors and customers. How many thousands of wild animals did they kill? An estimated 100,000. How big was the ring? According to Michigan Attorney General Frank Kelley, "bigger than anything ever seen before in this state or in recent U.S. history."

When news of the bust was released, sportsmen throughout the state were incredulous. The report of 1,000 ducks taken in a single shoot over a baited pond

was staggering. A report of a pile of pheasant heads four feet high and eight feet long, found in a basement, astounded those who had recently hunted pheasant in Michigan. The poachers' claim that they could take 100 cottontail rabbits in one day was simply not believed by experienced rabbit hunters. The bragging of the so-called ringleader to an undercover agent that he had made as much as \$200,000 a year on the operation fired the imagination.

As it turned out, some of the newspaper stories were exaggerated. For example, the 1,000 ducks in a single day. It actually took more than one day to kill that many. The ducks were taken by illegal methods during both fall and spring. Corn and a No. 1½ steel trap placed on top of a muskrat house was almost a sure thing. Some of the biggest hauls were made out of season on baited ponds and marshes, using shotguns. These areas were baited with corn

continued



This load of massacre evidence was confiscated in a raid staged by wildlife agents near the town of Stockbridge, Mich. late last month

for about two weeks, or until a sufficient quantity of birds had been enticed. Then a few phone calls organized a "hunt." A single duck brought the ring \$1.50 and had a street value at Detroit meat markets of \$4.50.

Although the pile of pheasant heads actually consisted of only about 300, it was still an amazing number to Michigan pheasant hunters. According to undercover agents, pheasant was not a big item with the ring. There is no way to take the birds en masse, and the poachers got only \$1.00 a pheasant. They sold for \$2.50.

Rabbits were a big item. Based upon field observations, the undercover agents assert that it is possible for three or four men to take 100 cottontail rabbits in a single day—especially during the last two years when the rabbit cycle has been high and ferrets were used to flush rabbits out of burrows and brush piles. Then they were shotgunned. The use of ferrets is so illegal in Michigan that you can't even own one. They can be purchased in neighboring Ohio for about \$50—a prudent business investment indeed, considering that each rabbit brought \$2.50 to the killers. The meat-market price in Detroit was \$5.50—and a skinned rabbit rarely weighs more than a pound.

Whitetail deer were taken at night using a spotlight, which freezes the animal and offers two glowing green eyes for a target. The killers generally worked four to a pickup, two in the cab, two in the open bed ready to shoot. For a whole deer, gutted but not skinned, they got \$60 to \$80. The market value was from \$100 to \$250 depending upon size. Venison sold for \$4.50 a pound under the counter at your friendly neighborhood meat market. The very rich and the very poor were paying more for rabbit and venison than they would for prime sirloin.

The identification, infiltration and dismantling of the ring was no easy task. Late in 1976, both the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Michigan Department of Natural Resources received tips that a certain person was involved in the sale of wild game. This person turned out to be the so-called kingpin, who at this writing must remain unidentified. Let's call him Mr. Clean.

DNR Agent Charles Beegle and Fish and Wildlife Agent Rick Leach investigated and witnessed enough activity around Mr. Clean's garage (which served

as a processing station) to convince them that something big was going on. At this juncture George Dahl, chief of DNR law enforcement, made the foresight to realize that ordinary DNR investigative procedures would only scratch the surface of the operation, so he arranged for Beegle to go under cover. J. B. Lang, another Fish and Wildlife special agent, was responsible for many of the technical aspects of the surveillance, i.e., setting up photographic and electronic recording devices, in addition to infiltrating the gang and making purchases, along with Beegle and Leach.

"The hardest thing was gaining their confidence," Leach says. "After almost a year of surveillance, we found out some of their favorite hangouts. Then we grew beards and started hanging out there ourselves." Beegle posed as a legitimate fox trapper, because Mr. Clean also dealt in furs.

Apparently, Leach and Beegle gained the confidence of almost everyone involved. One year later Leach was running his own business in competition with Mr. Clean, who had a new partner named Beegle. At one point, Mr. Clean introduced DNR Agent Beegle to Fish and Wildlife Agent Leach. Beegle soon quit Mr. Clean's ring and went into business with Leach.

"We started the business with money out of our own pockets," Leach says. "Then we got some funds appropriated. We worked with about \$5,000 and ended up \$44 in the hole. The problem was, we were trying to break about even—paying the poachers a good price and giving the markets a good price. We almost put Mr. Clean out of business right there at the end, undercutting him like that."

It was necessary for the agents to involve themselves in the illegal trade in order to compile enough evidence to establish the enormity of the operation. The volume of paperwork involved with each sale and purchase, which amounted to a written complaint, was stupendous.

Then another problem arose. In order to obtain evidence that the meat markets were both buying and selling, someone had to act as buyer—someone, that is, who would testify in court. Lang, who is white, undertook the role but found that he was regarded suspiciously in the predominantly black neighborhood markets. Enter Howard Hill, Assistant Ref-

uge Manager for Fish and Wildlife, a black, who made the purchases with no questions asked.

"We wanted to get someone involved in every aspect of the operation except for the actual poaching," says Leach.

Enter the fourth Fish and Wildlife undercover agent, J. J. Peterson, who with dacks seized in other cases, posed as a poacher. Mr. Clean was glad to do business with him.

Beegle, on the other hand, was obliged to do some shooting with the boys in order to gain their confidence. He also put on 40 pounds from "drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon beer and Kessler Whisky and eating those Vienna Sausages they liked so well."

In the 15 months of actual participation, these four agents documented the killing, selling, buying and marketing of nearly 300 deer, 1,700 squirrels, 4,400 ducks, and more than 11,000 rabbits. One person alone accounted for 1,000 of these rabbits.

A decision had to be made as to when sufficient evidence had been gathered on enough people to ensure that the ring would be broken when the raid took place.

"There were probably about 2,000 people involved with breaking the law," Leach says. "This includes the meat-market customers, of course. There were a lot of poachers we knew about but just couldn't arrange a buy with. We believe we got all the fat cats, especially Mr. Clean and his cronies, the guys that went out and bought from the poachers."

As expected, most of the 54 defendants pleaded not guilty, and their trials will begin in March. However, four pleaded guilty and have been sentenced. The first two defendants, who like the other two were not integral to the case, paid a total of \$216 in fines for the unlawful sale of 104 cottontail rabbits, two squirrels and a ruffed grouse. They could have gotten 90 days in jail. The sale of these animals brought in a little over \$250, so, in this instance, crime did pay. A third defendant paid \$450 in fines for illegal possession and sale of wild rabbits.

The other sentence was more encouraging to outraged Michigan sportsmen. Dennis Marshall of Stockbridge, Mich., paid a \$1,250 fine and got 90 days for the sale of five deer.

DNR Director Howard A. Tanner was satisfied with Marshall's sentence, saying that it was "appropriately severe."

continued



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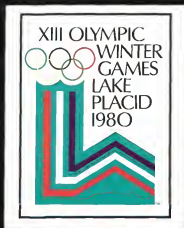
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reflecting the severity of the crime of poaching."

Unfortunately, under Michigan statutes, poaching is a misdemeanor. "Game laws are designed to deal with individuals, not with a commercial operation like we have just seen," says Tanner.

Because of the magnitude of the poaching ring, the attorney general's office has asked for felony charges against many of the remaining defendants whenever possible, setting up what promises to be a landmark case in game-law violations. The charge is not merely possession and sale of wild game, but "conspiring to conceal stolen property," the property being wild game stolen from the people of Michigan.

Eleven of the defendants, who are charged with illegally selling wild ducks, face different charges. Under the Federal Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918, the taking of wild ducks with intent to sell and the actual sale of ducks are felonies punishable by a maximum fine of \$2,000, plus two years for each count. If you are caught conspiring to sell wild ducks, the fine is \$10,000, plus five years per count.

One would assume that, in a ring of this size, conspiracy convictions should not be that hard to come by. Some of the defendants have been charged on three or four counts; Mr. Clean on 10. Bleege and Leach documented the transactions of some 4,400 ducks.

While the mood at DNR headquarters in Lansing is clearly jubilant—"the biggest morale boost we've had since I've been here," Tanner says—over in Detroit, Leach is more restrained.

"We have to change," says the Fish and Wildlife agent who was once in the Federal Narcotics Bureau. "This is the first time conventional investigative techniques have been applied to wildlife enforcement. You aren't going to break a commercial ring of this size even with an army of uniformed game wardens driving around in patrol cars with sane insignia on the doors. The nature of wildlife enforcement in this country has to shift to in-depth criminal investigation and undercover techniques if we are to protect our wildlife resources."

Since he had been in the business himself for several months, did Leach feel that Mr. Clean's brag of making \$200,000 in one year was possible?

Leach smiled grimly, shook his head sadly, and then nodded, yes.

END



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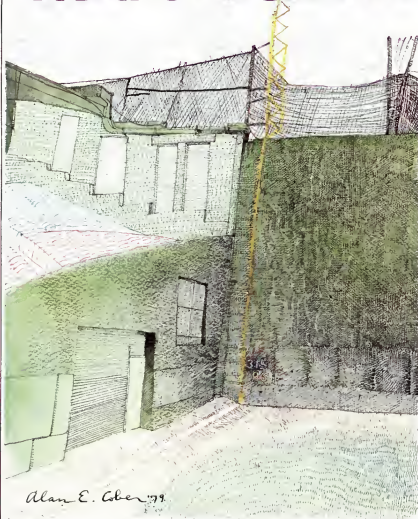
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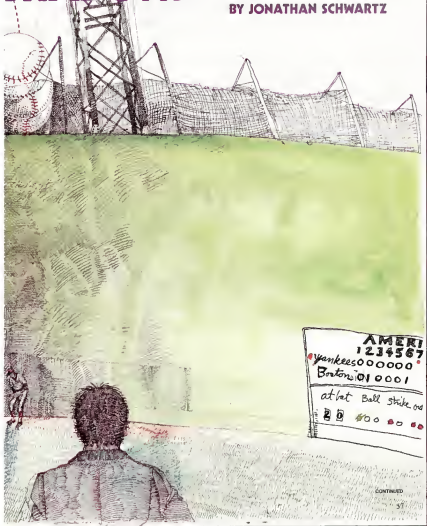
A DAY OF LIGHT AND



SHADOWS

A Red Sox fan, so devoted he has listened to their games over the phone in Paris, recounts the glittering glory and the chilling finale of last fall's New York-Boston playoff

BY JONATHAN SCHWARTZ



I didn't feel much pressure the night before the game, when the manager told me that even if Gaudry went only a third of an inning I'd be the next guy out there. But I felt the pressure when I actually came into the game. More pressure than I've ever felt. Even in my personal life.

—GOOSE GOSSAGE

In the kitchen in upper Manhattan, Luis Tiant appeared to be in charge of the Red Sox' 162nd game of the year. Boston had widened a small lead over Toronto to five runs, and Tiant's impeccable control compelled even the restless woman roaming through the apartment to stop at the kitchen door and admire his performance, as one would admire an exquisitely bound volume of dense theological writing in another language.

In the bedroom, the Yankees had fallen well behind Cleveland and were hitting pop-ups, always a sign late in a game that things are out of hand.

The woman was restless because her quiet Sunday afternoon was being assaulted by the babble of baseball and by what she perceived as yet another increase in my furious tension. She had retreated to the living room to sit sullenly among the Sunday editions of *Newsday*, The *Washington Post* and two interim New York papers born of a strike that was now in its eighth week. She had been told that this was positively *it*; that there was no chance that the Red Sox would advance past this Sunday afternoon, that the baseball season would be over by sundown. She had been told that there would *never* be a repetition of my impulsive flight to Los Angeles after the Yankees' four-game Fenway Park sweep three weeks before. I had simply up and left the house during the seventh inning of the last humiliating defeat. I had taken nothing with me but a Visa card and \$50. I had called home from Ontario, Calif., having pulled my Avis Dodge off the road leading to the desert, though I realized it was well after midnight in New York. "I am filled with regret," I said from a phone booth without a door. "Over what?" I was asked.

Her question meant this: Was I filled with regret because the Red Sox had lost four consecutive games, or was I filled with regret because I had up and left without explanation and had not bothered to call until the middle of the night—and if you want this relationship to work you're going to have to work at it?

I replied above the roar of traffic from the San Bernardino Freeway that I was regretful about leaving, and about my insensitivity and my inability to put baseball in perspective. "A trip of this kind," I said severely, "will never happen again."

The truth: I was regretful because the Red Sox had lost four consecutive games, had blown an enormous lead and had handed the championship of the Eastern Division of the American League to the Yankees.

Three weeks later, the phone rang for an hour after the Sunday games were over. Congratulations! From California—Palm Springs, Brentwood, San Francisco. From Stam-

ford, Conn. and Bridgehampton, N.Y. From 73rd Street and 10th Street in Manhattan. Congratulations!

Returning from oblivion, the Red Sox had tied for first place on the last day of the season, forcing a playoff game in Boston the next afternoon. Somehow this development had moved people to seek me out with warm feelings, as if my control had been as superb as Tiant's and had contributed to the unexpected Red Sox comeback. My control, of course, had vanished after Labor Day, leaving me infuriated and melancholy. And yet I accepted congratulations that Sunday afternoon as if my behavior during September had been exemplary. In fact, I had wept and raged. I had participated in two fistfights, had terminated a close friendship and had gone out in search of a neighborhood 15-year-old who had written RED SOX STINK in orange crayon on the back window of my car. I had set out after him with vicious intent, only to return home in a minute or so, mortified. The psychiatrist, whom I immediately sought out, said to me, "This is not what a 40-year-old should be doing with his time. *Comprenez-vous?*"

On the triumphant Sunday evening, I drank Scotch and talked long distance. I was asked, "Are you thrilled?" I was thrilled. "Can they do it?" I doubted they could. "Are you going to the game?" Well, maybe.

I had actually thought of trying to use my connections as a radio broadcaster to round up some kind of entrée to Fenway Park for the next afternoon, but the prospect of tracking down people in their homes on a Sunday night was depressing. And there would be the scramble for the air shuttle, an endless taxi ride in a Boston traffic jam, no ticket or pass left at the press window as promised, and a frantic attempt to reach Bill Crowley, the Red Sox' cantankerous P.R. man, on the phone—"Bill, the pass was supposed to have been . . . and no one's seen it and they can't . . . and is there any possibility that I could . . ."

No. I would watch at home, alone. I would have the apartment to myself all day. I would stand in the bedroom doorway and watch with the sound off to avoid Yankee announcer Phil Rizzuto's ghostly shrieking. At home, in the event of a Red Sox victory, I would be able to accept more congratulatory calls, this time for the real thing. "To me, it's the division championship that means the most," I had often said reasonably to whoever would listen. "After the division it's all dessert."

And yet. Had there been a more significant athletic event held in this country during my lifetime? The World Series, like the Super Bowl, is public theater, designed to entertain. Women and children gather around. Aren't the colors on the field pretty? Isn't that Howard Baker?

The NBA playoffs, even the Celtics' wild triumphs of the '60s, are local affairs, presented for small numbers of people in the heat of May. And what, after all, can be seriously expected of a major professional league that has a hockey team in Vancouver?

It occurred to me that perhaps one event had been as significant as the Yankee-Red Sox playoff—the Bobby Thomson game of 1951. The circumstances had been similar: a

playoff involving intense rivals home-based in relative proximity; personalities that occupied the mind at four in the morning; and startling rallies through August and September, the '51 Giants having wiped away a 13½-game Dodger lead and the '78 Yankees having fought from 14 back of the Red Sox. The difference in the two games seemed to be a small one: for the Dodgers and Giants it had been the third of a three-game playoff; for the Red Sox and Yankees it would be one game, sudden death.

In February, with a cable-television bill, a notice had arrived: COMING ATTRACTIONS. EXCITING BASEBALL ACTION. RED SOX BASEBALL ON CHANNEL F.

The notice had said nothing else, but it had stopped my heart. Having lived in New York and having been a Red Sox fan since childhood, I had spent hours sitting in parked automobiles on the East Side of the city where reception of WVIC in Hartford, which carries Red Sox games, was the clearest. Eventually I had obtained through a friend in Boston an unlisted air-check phone number that tied directly into WHDH broadcasts. From anywhere in the world one could hear whatever it was that WHDH—and, subsequently, WITS, with a different number—was airing at any moment of the day or night. WHDH was—just as WITS is—the Red Sox flagship station, and one had only to be prepared

for an exorbitant phone bill to listen to any Boston game, or season. Between 1970 and 1977 I had spent nearly \$15,000 listening to Red Sox broadcasts. In a hotel in Paris I had heard George Scott strike out in Seattle. From my father's home in London I had heard George Scott strike out in Detroit. From Palm Springs, Calif. I had listened to at least 100 complete games, attaching the phone to a playback device that amplified the sound. One could actually walk around the room without holding the receiver. One could even leave the room, walk down the corridor and into a bathroom to stare glumly into one's eyes in a mirror and still pick up the faint sound of George Scott slamming into a double play in Baltimore.

The most significant athletic event in my lifetime.
\$15,000 in phone bills.

Endless Red Sox thoughts on beaches, and in cars, and while watching movies with Anthony Quinn in them.

And most of the summer of 1978 spent in a darkened kitchen with Channel F.

I got on the phone to a guy who works at ABC, the network that would televise the playoff game. Their truck was up there now. I assumed, with everyone's credentials in order. The guy at ABC owed me \$150 and a copy of Frank Sinatra's rare *Close to You* album that I had lent him for taping six months before.

continued



THE PLAYOFF continued

The guy at ABC was at home asleep.
"I'll try. I'll do my best," he said, "but it's slim city."

He called me at eight in the morning. A press pass would be waiting in my name at the front desk of The Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston. "If anyone asks, you're with Channel 7 in New York," he said. "But you've got to be dignified, or I'm in the toilet."

"Have I ever not been dignified?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Yes," he repeated softly.

LOU PINIELLA: We had dinner around eight. Me and Catfish and Thurman. After dinner, we went over to a watering hole, Daisy Buchanan's. We had a couple of drinks, and we talked about the game. I remember that we all thought it was ironic justice that these two good teams should wind up like this after 162 games. Like it was just meant to be. Some of the fans in there, they recognized us, and they ribbed us about how we were going to get beat and all. But, you know, we all felt pretty confident because of the series in September when we came up to Fenway and beat 'em four straight. We all love to play at Fenway Park, and we talked about it that night.

In the morning I got up early, around nine, and had my usual breakfast: corned beef hash, three eggs over lightly, an order of toast, orange juice. I like to play on a full stomach. It's just the way I am.

I got to the park around noon. I felt nervous, but it's good to feel nervous. It puts an edge on things. In the clubhouse about 12 guys played cards. It kind of relaxed us. I thought about Torrez. I never hit him too well.

I talked to Zimmer before the game. I wished him good luck. He's a very close friend of mine. He lives in Treasure Island, and I live in Tampa. I remember thinking during batting practice, what a beautiful autumn day in Boston. It was a beautiful day. You know?

"It's a game that blind people would pay to hear," Reggie Jackson once said of the prospect of a Frank Tanana-Ron Gaudry matchup.

That comment flashed through my mind while I was riding in a taxi to Fenway Park. The season did, too. Specifics: an extra-inning loss to Cleveland in April that concluded a Sunday-afternoon doubleheader at 8:46 p.m.; opening day in Chicago, and the next afternoon there; two games in Texas a few weeks later. All told, five losses that came in the closing inning. Had the Red Sox held on to but one of those games, there'd be nothing cooking at Fenway today—no tie, no playoff. The Yankees would be scattered across the country like the Montreal Expos, and the Red Sox would be in a Kansas City hotel lining up tickets for friends.

I had bought the papers at The Ritz Carlton after picking up my pass, but I hadn't read them and wouldn't now as I approached Kenmore Square. After all, who wanted to stare at Ron Gaudry's stats on Storrow Drive?

I arrived on the field at 1:10, exhilarated, the papers left in the taxi, my pass in hand.

I took a look in the Red Sox dugout. At the far end, Ned Martin, the team's chief radio announcer, was fumbling with a small cassette recorder while, next to him, Manager

Don Zimmer waited patiently in silence. I have known Martin for 15 years and discovered early in our relationship that he has no mechanical aptitude. The tap in a kitchen sink would break away from its stem at his touch. A zippered suitcase would open only in the hands of a hotel maintenance man. The cassette machine, though it was used daily to tape the pregame show with the manager, was apt to defy Martin at any time, before any game. I saw at once that it was defying him now, on this most crucial of crucial afternoons.

Crouching on the top step of the dugout, I stared down at the two men. Perhaps three minutes elapsed, enough time for Zimmer to take notice of me. "Who's that?" he said to Martin, who was tangled in the tape of a broken cassette.

"Ned looked up. 'Holy Christ,' he said, aware that someone who knew him well was scrutinizing his difficulties.

"I'll deal with you later," I said to him.

"Christ," Ned repeated, an utterance that to this day remains the first word on the last pregame program that Martin, a Red Sox announcer for 18 years, would conduct on the team's radio network.

Munson was hitting. Around the batting cage were the faces of the New York press, and those of some Boston writers I had gotten to know through the years. One of the Boston writers told me that moments earlier, in the clubhouse, Carl Yastrzemski had confided that he was "damned scared." A New York broadcaster, who was there only for the pleasure of it, said to me somewhat confidentially, "This is a gala occasion."

Always, when I think of baseball games that have been played, I see them as if they had taken place in the light of day. I have spent a lot of time mentally reshuffling two-hitters and leaping catches that occurred at 10 or 11 in the evening, so that they return to me grandly in afternoon sunshine. The fact that baseball is part of my daily procedure, like getting up for work or eating lunch, inspires me to conjure up sunlight for its illumination.

Forty-five minutes before the 2:30 start, I realized as I looked around the park that in all my years of journeying to Fenway, on all the summer afternoons spent peacefully in the many corners of the stadium, I had never experienced a day of such clarity, of such gentleness. Fluffy cirrus clouds appeared to have arrived by appointment. The temperature of 68° was unaccompanied by even the slightest trace of wind, which made the day seem 10° warmer than it was. For such a majestic encounter there had been provided, despite a less-than-optimistic forecast the night before, a shimmering neutral Monday, as if God, recognizing the moment, had made some hasty last-minute adjustments. It was the afternoon of my imagination, the handpicked sunlight hours during which my perpetual baseball game had always been played.

After a while I made my way up to the press room, which is on the roof of the stadium, behind the press box and the three enclosed rows of seats that stretch down both foul lines. They had been desirable seats to me as a child, because they allowed easy access to foul balls. One had only to lurk in the doorway of one of those roof boxes and await

the inevitable. Other lurkers in other doorways were the competition—kids my age, ready to spring into action.

"Here it comes!"

We were off. Under or over a green railing (now red). Across the roof to the brick wall. A slide, a leap, a grapple. A major league baseball in your pocket; if not this time, the next. You always had a shot at getting one on that roof. If I competed 50 times, and surely that is a conservative guess, I emerged from my adolescence with at least 15 souvenirs—and one chipped tooth (the railing).

Before entering the press room, I looked around for a moment. I could see myself outside doorway 25-27 wearing a Red Sox cap. Oh, how quiet it had been when I raced across the top of Fenway Park—just those other feet and the whistling wind shooting me over so gradually through the years to this very afternoon, to this very press room that I had aspired to for so long, to the tepid piece of ham and half a ring of pineapple that I would be served, to the unexpected sight of Phil Rizzuto making his way toward my table.

"You huckleberry," he said to me with a smile. "I heard what you said."

The morning before, on my radio program in New York, I had spoken harshly of Rizzuto's announcing. "He is shrill,"

I had said, which is true. "He roots in an unfair and unacceptable way for the Yankees," which is true.

"I heard you," Rizzuto repeated, extending his hand. "You got a nice calm show. I like it," he continued, surprising me.

Rizzuto is a charmer, an attractive, graying man with the eyes of a child. One imagines that his attention span outside a baseball park is short, but one would like to be included in whatever spare moments he has available. My distaste for his broadcasts was muted at once by the warmth of his radical innocence. Getting up from my seat, I touched his cheek in friendship. I had never met Rizzuto before and had often imagined myself dressing him down before a large and approving assembly. Instead, when he departed to make his way to the radio booth, I found myself regretting the fact that I hadn't told him that I had never come upon a better or more exciting shortstop. Never.

MIKE TORREZ: I had my usual breakfast, just tea and a piece of toast. I don't like to pitch on a full stomach.

As I drove to the park, I thought about a couple of games during the year. After those games I had thought that I didn't want them to be the deciding thing. Like a game in Toronto that Jim Wright pitched. It was extra-

continued

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Chicken Salad Bake

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 cup celery slices | 2 cups chopped cooked chicken |
| 2 Tbsp. chopped onion | 2 Tbsp. chopped pimiento |
| 1/4 cup water | 1/4 tsp. salt |
| 1/4 cup skim milk | Dash of pepper |
| 1/2 lb. LIGHT n' LOVELY loaf, cubed | 1 cup bread cubes |



Simmer celery and onion in water 5 minutes. Add milk and Light n' Lovely process cheese product; cook, stirring constantly, until melted. Stir in chicken, pimiento and seasonings. Mix well. Pour into 10" x 6" baking dish; top with bread cubes. Bake at 350°, 30 minutes. Top with additional slices of Light n' Lovely process cheese product. 4 servings.

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The Lean American

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THE PLAYOFF continued

nings. We got a few guys on. I think with no outs. We couldn't score and we got beat. And there was a game in Cleveland when we came back with four in the ninth. Yaz hit a homer, but we blew it. You think about those things.

When I was warming up in the bullpen I felt good. I had good motion. I didn't throw hard until the last two minutes. I looked over at Guidry and waved to him. I wished him good luck and all that. He did the same to me. And I thought about Rivers and Munson. They're the keys. And then the national anthem was played. And then we started to play.

A photographers' box is suspended beneath the roof seats along the first-base line. One descends a metal ladder that is difficult to negotiate. One stands throughout the game, because the early arrivals have captured the few folding chairs scattered around.

As Mickey Rivers, the first batter, approached the plate, I said out loud to no one, "If Torrez gets Rivers right here, the Red Sox will win." I have a tendency to think and speak such notions. "If this light turns green by the time I count three, I won't catch the flu all winter."

Rivers walked on four pitches and promptly stole second. "If Torrez gets out of this with only one run, the Red Sox have a shot," I said aloud.

Torrez got out of it unscathed upon, striking out Munson with commanding determination. I was elated. My hands were shaking. I moved to the right corner of the box and stood by myself in a small puddle of water left over from a rainstorm the night before.

Installed in me from childhood is an awful fear that Whiskey Ford created: the fear not only of not winning, but of not even scoring, of not even stroking a modest fly ball to an outfielder. Grounders and strikeouts, and the game would be

over in an hour and 40 minutes. Done and done.

Ron Guidry is a slim man with shocking velocity and a devastating slider. One does not imagine that one's team will defeat Guidry, or score on Guidry, or make even the smallest contact with Guidry's pitches. What caught my eye in the first three innings as I hung above the field, clasping my hands together to prevent the shaking, was that the Red Sox were not futilely opposing him. The outs were long outs. The hitters were getting good wood on the ball.

I was astounded when Yaz connected with an inside fastball for a leadoff second-inning homer, a blast that from my vantage point looked foul. Fisk and Lynn

In the press room the ABC telecast was playing to an empty house. I sat down to watch an inning or so and was joined a moment later by Ned Martin, whose partner, an amiable, childlike man named Jim Woods, was handling the fourth. Woods' usual innings were the third, fourth and seventh. Knowing of this arrangement, I had hoped for Ned's appearance. Someone so close to it all, so immersed in it all for so many years, would have the answer. He would reassure me, calm me down.

"Well," I said.

"Torrez," he said.

"Do you think?"

"Can't tell."

Ned is usually more loquacious than he was that afternoon. He is as articulate and as creative a sportscaster as there is in the country. He is often poetic and moving. "The Yankee score is up," he had observed late in September from Toronto, where scores remain only momentarily on the electric board. "Soon it will be gone," he had continued in his usual quiet tone. "It will flash away like a lightning bug into the moist and chilly Canadian night."

From Chicago a number of seasons

ago—I wrote it down at the time: "The dark clouds approaching from beyond leftfield look to be ambling across the sky in no apparent hurry. They know what trouble they are and are teasing the crowd with their distant growl."

We sat in silence through the rest of the inning.

"Well," I said finally, hoping for an encouraging word.

"You never know," Ned said.

I walked him back toward the radio booth. On the catwalk outside the visitors' radio booth, Buddy LeRoux, one of the Red Sox' new owners, was in conversation with two men wearing dark suits. I heard LeRoux use the word "cautious." He, too, was wearing a suit, pre-stripped and ill-fitting. It was a buggy gar-



followed with fly-ball outs. Lynn's drive propelled to deep centerfield. I reasoned that Guidry, after all, was working on only three days' rest, that he was a fragile guy, that maybe there was a shot at him. ... Maybe there was a shot at him.

Torrez was getting stronger as the game moved along. When the fourth inning began, my nerves were so jumbled that I felt it impossible to continue standing in that puddle staring out at the field. I wanted to break away from it, soften its colors, lower its volume.

I climbed up the metal ladder and went into the men's room, a separate little building with one long urinal and two filthy sinks above which was written in large, well-formed blue Magic Marker letters and numbers, FATE IS AGAINST '78.

ment that did not complement a man of position.

I studied his eyes. This same fellow, with a younger, pudgier face, had, as the Celtics' trainer, sat next to Red Auerbach throughout my adolescence, attending thoughtfully to some of the heroes of my youth. His face is lined now, his demeanor formal, suggesting high finance. An owner. What did he know of shaky hands and midnight calls from Ontario, Calif.? There he was in conference, having missed the fourth inning—or so I imagined. I thought: If an owner can take the fourth inning off, what is so important about it all, anyway?

I returned to the puddle for the fifth and sixth innings. The Yankees stirred around against Torrez, but didn't break through. The Red Sox sixth produced a run on a line single by Jim Rice.

It also produced the play that changed the game.

Fred Lynn came to bat with two runners on, two outs and a 2-0 Red Sox lead. It was clear that Gaudry was not overpowering. With Torrez so formidable, another run might put the game away. At that moment, it seemed possible to me that the Red Sox would actually win, that the nightmare would end at last.

I paced half the length of the photographers' box. With every pitch I moved a few feet to my right or left, winding up at the foot of the ladder for Gaudry's 3-2 delivery.

RON GAUDRY: *I was a little tired and my pitches were up. I threw him a slider on the inside. He must have been guessing inside, because he was way out in front of it and pulled it.*

LOU PINELLA: *Gaudry wasn't as quick as usual. Munson told me that his breaking ball was hanging, so I played Lynn a few steps closer to the line than usual. I saw the ball leave the bat and then I lost it in the sun. I went to the place where I thought the ball would land. I didn't catch it cleanly, but kind of in the top of my glove. It would have short-hopped to the wall and stayed in play. Without any doubt two runs would have scored. But it was catchable.*

I watched the ball, trying to judge how deep it was hit. I realized it didn't quite

continued



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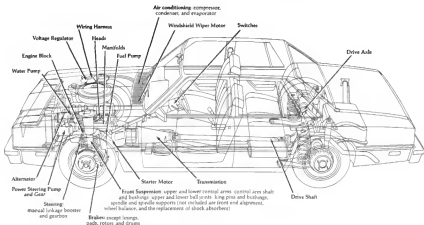
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THE PLAYOFF continued

have it, but I envisioned a double. Piniella seemed confused. I wanted the two runs. I felt 4-0 in my heart.

Piniella's catch was an indignity. He had appeared belligerent and off-balance, lurching about under the glaring sun in the rightfield corner. That Lynn had unleashed so potent a smash and would go unrewarded, that I would go unrewarded, that the game itself would remain within the Yankees' reach, struck me as an ominous signal that things would not, after all, work out in the end. The game and the season—the losses in Toronto, Butch Hobson's floating bone chips, Rick Burleson's injury just before the All-Star break, a thousand things that had created this day in the first place—all had spun through the early autumn sky with the ball that Lynn had struck, the ball that Piniella held in his bare right hand all the way in from rightfield, across the diamond, through the third-base coach's box and into the dark sanctuary of the visitors' dugout. He had caught it, he had held on to it, he held it even now, sitting there on the bench. The play could not be called back. The score still stood at 2-0.

In the top of the seventh inning I went into the solitary phone booth on the first-base side of the roof. I dialed my secret air-check number, realizing it was the first time I had ever sought it out as a local investment.

It was a Jim Woods inning, which frightened me all the more. Woods, like a child fumbling with a lie, cannot hide the truth of any Red Sox situation. One can tell immediately if Boston is in a favorable or thorny position, if the game is lost or won, or even tied.

Even with a 2-0 lead, Woods was somber. For Pittsburgh, New York, St. Louis, Oakland and Boston, Woods had been broadcasting baseball games ever since Dwight Eisenhower's presidency. The importance of Piniella's catch had not eluded him. Then he was presented with singles by Chris Chambliss and Roy White that brought the lead run to the plate. I had dialed in for the security of the radio's familiar rhythm and was suddenly faced with potential disaster.

I hung up on Woods and ran back to the photographers' box, taking the steps of the ladder two at a time. Jim Spencer was pinch-hitting for the Yankees. I remembered a Spencer home run earlier

in the year. Could it have been against the Angels? Jim Spencer, of all people. Spencer hit the ball fairly well to left, but Yaz was with it all the way.

Two outs.

Bucky Dent.

I had a fleeting thought that, through the years, Yankee shortstops had hurt the Red Sox at the plate. Inconsequential men—Fred Stanley, Gene Michael, Jim Mason—no power, .230 hitters. Shortstops.

Bucky Dent.

I leaned way over the railing, as if trying to catch a foul ball hit just below me. I was motionless, except for my shaking hands.

Dent fouled the second pitch off his shin.

Delay.

I studied Torrez. He stood behind the mound rubbing up the new ball. He did not pace, he did not turn to examine the outfield. He just rubbed up the new ball and stared in at Dent, who was bent over to the left of the plate, his shin being cared for.

MIKE TORREZ: I lost some of my concentration during the delay. It was about four minutes, but it felt like an hour. I had thought that they'd pinch-hit for Dent with maybe Jay Johnstone or Cliff Johnson. I felt good. I just wanted to get going. That first inning really helped. My concentration was there, especially on Munson. During the delay, I thought slider on the next pitch. But Fisk and me were working so well together, I went along with his call for a fastball. When Dent hit it, I thought we were out of the inning. I started to walk off the mound. I could see Yaz patting his glove.

I watched, hanging over the railing. I had seen too many fly balls from the roof seats on the first-base side to be fooled now. This fly ball by a Yankee shortstop with an aching shin was clearly a home run. I had no doubt from the start.

When the ball struck the net, Yazstrzemski's whole body trembled for an instant. Then he froze, every muscle drawn tight in excruciating frustration.

I said out loud, "God, no! God, no!"

In minutes the Yankees had scored another run.

I climbed the ladder and walked slowly to the press room. I went into the lav-

atory, closed the door to the one stall and sat on the toilet with my head in my hands, wishing there was a lid on the seat. It was entirely quiet, as if I were alone in the stadium.

"You are emotionally penniless," a girl had shouted at me years before from behind a slammed and locked bathroom door.

That is what came into my mind in my own locked cubicle.

I also thought to leave the park, to take a walk, to just go away. Instead I decided to change locations, to venture to the far reaches of the leftfield roof, out near the wall.

A couple of kids were running mindlessly around, chasing each other as if they were on a beach. They pushed their way through clusters of writers and photographers who were all standing, because there were no seats to be had. I sat down on the roof and crossed my legs. I was no more than a foot from the lip, which was unprotected by a railing or other barrier.

The wind had picked up. Shadows dominated the field, except in right and right center. I noticed that the clouds were just a bit thicker. A rain delay. Would the game revert to the last complete inning? A seven-hour delay and finally a decision. Red Sox win 2-0. I saw it as the only possibility. It had to rain right at this moment. Tormentally. Monumentally. Before the new Yankee pitcher could complete this list of the seventh. The new Yankee pitcher was Gossage, and Bob Bailey was preparing to pinch-hit against him.

Bob Bailey?

I bowed my head.

GOOSE GOSSAGE: When I saw Bailey coming up, I said to myself, with all respect to Bob, "Thank you."

Bailey looked at strike three and went away, out of my life, off the team, out of the league, out of the country, away, away.

Reggie Jackson homered in the eighth. I affected bemusement as I watched him round the bases. I thought: Let's see, just for the fun of it, how big it's going to be. What does it matter, anyway? It's only a game.

Official bemusement on the leftfield roof.

continued

How Exxon is using the Gulf Stream to save energy.

Saving energy is as important to Exxon as it is to you. That's why Exxon tankers are sailing in the Gulf Stream whenever they're headed north. The Gulf Stream is a mighty "river in the ocean" that flows up from the Gulf of Mexico along the U.S. East Coast. Using data from a U.S. Government satellite, Exxon tankers are able to conserve energy by traveling precisely within its shifting currents on the way north, and avoiding them when sailing south.

1 Heat-sensitive satellite instruments locate the Gulf Stream's warmest waters where the currents are strongest

2 Satellite reports help northbound Exxon tankers note the Gulf Stream's fast moving currents to save fuel

3 Southbound Exxon tankers use the satellite position data to save fuel by avoiding strong northward currents

Energy for a strong America.

EXXON

THE PLAYOFF continued

A leadoff double by Jerry Remy in the bottom of the eighth. How nice.

A Rice fly-ball out.
Five outs left. It's only a game.
Three consecutive singles.

The score was 5-4, Yankees' favor, with Red Sox runners on first and second. Hobson and Scott, two righthanded hitters, would now face the righthanded Gossage. My bemusement vanished. I stood.

I felt that Hobson had a real crack at it, that he is a good two-strike batter and that he would surely be hitting with two strikes before very long. I felt that if they let Scott hit I would leap from the roof in a suicidal protest. The Boomer vs. Gossage was too pathetic for me even to contemplate.

Hobson's fly-ball out to right set up the Boomer vs. Gossage. I did not leap from the roof. I sat down and rested my chin on my knees. I believe I smiled at the Boomer. I know I said aloud, "Surprise me, baby."

The Boomer did not surprise. Gossage took only a minute or so to strike him out.

I remained motionless as the teams changed sides and as they played the top of the ninth, about which I can remember little. It seems to me that Paul Blair got a hit and Dick Drago pitched. There was base running of some kind, activity around second. I know there was no scoring.

Just before the start of the last of the ninth, I imagined myself swimming in an enormous pool. I was in the desert in early summer. I thought that it was the dry heat that enabled me to move through the water so rapidly. I hardly had to move my arms or legs in order to cover the length of the pool. It was possible to swim forever.

I spotted Dwight Evans striding quickly, intensely to the plate. For whom was he hitting?

He was hitting for Frank Duffy, who had replaced Jack Brohamer, who had been hit for by Bulley. Duffy had played third in the top of the ninth, and I hadn't even noticed.

Evans was hitting for Duffy.

Why hadn't Evans come to bat instead of Bulley in the seventh?

And where was Gary Hancock? A lefthanded hitter, a slim Gary Geiger

kind of guy. Where was Gary Hancock?

It looked to me as if Evans nearly got ahead of one. He missed, by God knows how small a portion of the ball, and fled routinely to left.

Gossage would Burleson as if it had been his intention. That would give Rice a turn at bat, providing Remy stayed out of the double play.

Remy lined a shot to right. My thought was... double play. Pinella catches the ball and throws to Chambliss with Burleson miles off first.

LOU PINELLA: *I didn't want the ball hit to me. It was a nightmare out there in the sun. I kept telling Blair in center to help me. When Remy hit it, I saw it for a second and then lost it. I knew it would bounce, so I moved back three steps to prevent it from bouncing over me to the wall. I moved to my left a piece. I deceived Burleson. I didn't want him to know I couldn't see it. If Burleson had tried for third, he would have been out. There's no doubt about it. My throw was accurate and, for me, it had good stuff on it.*

JERRY REMY: *I think Burleson did 100% the right thing. It would have been very close at third. He had to play it safe. I knew I had a hit, but Rick had to hold up for just a moment between first and second. So why gamble?*

I knelt on the roof. I thought, is this actually happening? First and second, one out, last of the ninth. And Rice and Yaz. Is this actually happening?

GOOSE GOSSAGE: *I tried to calm myself down by thinking of the mountains of Colorado, the mountains that I love. I thought that the worst thing that could happen to me was that I'd be in those mountains tomorrow. I had once hiked to a lake in the mountains. It was really quiet. I had pictured seats on the mountainsides. Thousands and thousands of seats looking down on a ball field next to the lake. I imagined myself pitching in front of all those people in the mountains.*

I didn't think Yazwzemski had a chance. I thought about it being late in the day, about his being fatigued, about how he

wouldn't get around on Gossage's fastball. My hopes rode with Rice.

LOU PINELLA: *I played Rice in right center, not deep. I cut the angle of the sun. I saw the ball clean. I caught it maybe 25 feet from the fence.*

GOOSE GOSSAGE: *When I was warming up before I came in up the seventh, I imagined myself pitching to Yaz with two outs in the ninth. The Red Sox would have a couple guys on base, and it would be Yaz and me. When it turned out that way, I thought, here it is. It was ESP. Really, I'm not kidding.*

I screamed at Yaz from the leftfield roof, "Bunt, goddam it!" I even waved my arms, thinking that I might catch his eye. He'd call time out and wander out to leftfield. "What did you say?" he'd shout up at me. "Bunt!" I'd yell back. "Interesting," he'd say.

Then Yaz would lay down a beauty.

Burleson, who had taken third after Rice's fly ball, would easily score the tying run.

Carl Yastrzemski, nearly my age

I gazed down at him through tears.

I thought, Freeze this minute. Freeze it right here. How unspeakably beautiful it is. Everyone, reach out and touch it.

1979 BOSTON RED SOX EXHIBITION SCHEDULE

- 3/8—Detroit at Lakeland, 1:30
- 3/9—Detroit at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/10—Atlanta at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/11—W. Sox at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/12—Mets at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/13—Montreal at Daytona, 1:30
- 3/14—W. Sox at Sarasota, 1:30
- 3/15—Mets at St. Petersburg, 1:30
- 3/16—Phila. at Clearwater, 1:30
- 3/17—Detroit at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/18—Cinc. at Orlando, 1:30
- 3/19—Toronto at Daytona, 1:30
- 3/20—Cinc. at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/21—Detroit at Lakeland, 8:00
- 3/22—Yankees at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/23—Montreal at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/24—W. Sox at Sarasota, 1:30
- 3/25—Cinc. at Tampa, 1:30
- 3/26—Houston at Cocoa, 1:30
- 3/27—Dodgers at Vero Beach, 1:30
- 3/28—W. Sox at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/29—Detroit at Lakeland, 8:00
- 3/30—St. Louis at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 3/31—Minn. at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 4/1—St. Louis at St. Petersburg, 1:30
- 4/2—Phila. at Winter Haven, 1:30
- 4/3—Detroit at Winter Haven, 12:30

END



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English Leather
Heavy Duty Hand
Cream. Leaves a
man's rough, red,
chapped hands
smooth, soothed,
never sticky. With
that great English
Leather scent.

English
Leather®

Heavy Duty
Hand Cream

1.5 oz. (42g)

"...Tred 2, an unusual company that started with an investment of \$37 in 1972 and now grosses \$6 million annually... is the brainchild of Rory Fuerst, who was thinking of going into the fastfood business until he happened to notice how many people were wearing tennis shoes in need of new soles. He gathered up some old tennis shoes and used his mother's oven to heat the soles to 375° so he could remove them. When the odor permeated the substantial family residence, Fuerst took over a guesthouse and used infrared lamps to loosen the soles from the shoes, which he had hung on ski poles."

Where did this appear? Time? Business Week? People? No, it's from *Sole Support*, a piece in *Sports Illustrated's Scorecard*, where the news of sports is wide and varied.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.

One man, one scent.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 12-18

PRO BASKETBALL—Atlanta Braves leader Washington, who had won five straight and 13 of his last 16, lost three of four. After dropping a 101-97 decision to second-place Philadelphia, the Braves edged San Diego 138-136 in double overtime despite a 45-point performance by the Choppers' Lloyd Free. They then lost 115-108 to Phoenix, and 107-103 to Golden State. Warner Guard Phil Smith, who had scored 20 points in 15 minutes, suffered a reported Achilles tendon in the second period and will be sidelined for the remainder of the season. He had started 393 consecutive games, the longest current streak in the NBA, at the time he was hurt. Washington maintained its five-game lead as Philadelphia lost three of four. Cleveland beat the Bulls 117-100 and Central Division leader Kansas City appended their twice, 106-106 and 119-104. The Cavs also had a 127-117 win over New York, which has lost six in a row and fallen into the Atlantic cellar. Seattle snapped a four-game losing streak with a 116-104 double of Atlanta, then beat Phoenix 119-104 and moved back into first in the Pacific Division, one game ahead of Los Angeles, which was 0-1. Since Dennis Johnson pumped in a seven-hour, 30-point against Phoenix, while the Sun's Walker Davis, who finished with seven points, failed to score in double figures for the first time in 138 regular-season games. Three San Antonio wins coupled with two Houston losses enabled the Spurs to regain sole possession of the top spot in the Central Division. The Rockets beat Portland 109-116 but were kept out of the Detroit and Indiana, which were both unbeaten. Kevin Porter, who had 19 points and 15 assists in the Pistons' 111-107 victory over Detroit, finished with 20 and 19 in a 110-98 win over Houston. For the Pistons, who have won six of their last 12, the 124-120 defeat of Houston was the 10th straight victory in which five players averaged in double figures.

BOATING—OBSESSION, skippered by Steve Nichols, won the fourth race of the OBC series over a 135-mile triangular course off Miami (page 44).

BOWLING—TOMMY HILGREN defeated Gary Dedmon 770-725 to win a \$50,000 PBA tournament in St. Louis (page 10).

DOG—CHUCK OAK TREE'S BRISCHOTCRAT, a 4-year-old Irish wolfhound owned by Anne Seeling of Ottawa, was best-of-show at the Westminster dog show in Madison Square Garden. He was the first dog to be judged on the spot prior to his show's 105-year history.

GOLF—BILLYE BEEZKE shot a 15-under-par 265 to win the \$250,000 Transamerica Open for two strokes over Tom Watson, Buddy Gardner and Jim Thorpe.

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CHRYSLER—ALYCE BEEZKE shot a 15-under-par 265 to win the \$250,000 Transamerica Open for two strokes over Tom Watson, Buddy Gardner and Jim Thorpe.

TRUCK & FIELD—TAMONN COGHAN of Ireland broke the world indoor record for the mile at 1:51.54 in San Diego. (continued) His time of 3:52.64 was 2.1 seconds faster than the mark set by Victor Sanchez of the U.S.A. in 1978.

GENNADY VALUYEVICH of the U.S.S.R. broke the world indoor record for the mile jump at the Soviet indoor championships in Minsk. His jump of 54' 10" was 50 inches better than the mark set by Victor Sanchez of the U.S.A. in 1978.

MILEPOSTS—BRED Coach LARRY COBBLE, 47, of the Chicago Bulls, who are in last place in the NBA's Midwest Division. Assistant Coach SCOTTY ROBERTSON, 49, was named as an interim replacement.

Hired—As interim coach in Mississippi State, DORIS BELLARD, 51, who had a 46-year record at 48-25 as Texas A&M before resigning in the middle of last season.

TRADED By the New York Knicks: BOB MEADDO 27, three-time NBA scoring champion who is averaging 26.9 points this season, to the Boston Celtics for three 1978 first-round draft picks and reserve Center TOM BARKER 23.

DEO BENJAMIN H. TACKER 70, long-time ABA-America center (1929-30) at Harvard who was known as the Great Defender of cancer in Portsmouth, N.H. 386 was elected to the College Football Hall of Fame in 1974.

TONY PLANKY, 71, three-time national demolition champion (1905-1910, 1920-1921, 1922-1923) in 1929 and Eastern League champion (1931) in 1930 of cancer in North Adams, Mass. Planky coached the William College track and cross-country teams from 1931 to 1932 and was elected to the Helen Hunt and J. H. Hunt Hall of Fame in 1967.

CREDITS

1—Cathy (Front Back) 2—10, 16—Eric Schenck (back) 3—Tony Barry (right) 4—10, 16—Eric Schenck (back) 5—Marian (right) 6—Marian (right) 7—Marian (right) 8—Marian (right) 9—Marian (right) 10—Marian (right) 11—Marian (right) 12—Marian (right) 13—Marian (right) 14—Marian (right) 15—Marian (right) 16—Marian (right) 17—Marian (right) 18—Marian (right) 19—Marian (right) 20—Marian (right) 21—Marian (right) 22—Marian (right) 23—Marian (right) 24—Marian (right) 25—Marian (right) 26—Marian (right) 27—Marian (right) 28—Marian (right) 29—Marian (right) 30—Marian (right) 31—Marian (right) 32—Marian (right) 33—Marian (right) 34—Marian (right) 35—Marian (right) 36—Marian (right) 37—Marian (right) 38—Marian (right) 39—Marian (right) 40—Marian (right) 41—Marian (right) 42—Marian (right) 43—Marian (right) 44—Marian (right) 45—Marian (right) 46—Marian (right) 47—Marian (right) 48—Marian (right) 49—Marian (right) 50—Marian (right) 51—Marian (right) 52—Marian (right) 53—Marian (right) 54—Marian (right) 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**You may
become
susceptible
to a major
surgical
complication.**





Needless hospitalization.

These days, the hospital bill can be more of a shock than the operation. Surgical fees alone have doubled in the last five years.

That's a problem for you. And us.

Through healthy competition, private health insurance right now covers 177,000,000 Americans. 147,000,000 of these are protected against even catastrophic expenses.

But, though the system is basically sound, no one, including us, has done enough about containing health care costs. So we'd like to recommend something that could be done today: reduce in-hospital time for surgery.

In many cases, minor surgery and pre-surgery testing could be handled on an ambulatory basis. We also support—and an increasing number of insurance companies pay for—second, and even third, opinions for elective surgery.

We have a booklet called *Reducing Surgical Costs*. You can have a free copy if you'll write us at the Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 13, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

Exercising your rights as an involved consumer could do a lot to get health costs in trim.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's keep health care healthy

SPECIAL MEMORIES

Sir:

I've just finished reading your special issue, *The Year in Sports*, and would like to compliment you on the extensive coverage of the spectacular events of 1978. Being a Kentucky fan, I especially enjoyed the pictures of the Wildcats on their way to their fifth NCAA championship. Jack (Goose) Givens was golden.

MICHAEL G. MUDD
West Point, N.Y.

Sir:

Another great year in sports. Another great year in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

JOHN SOUTER
Chicago

Sir:

I was impressed with the superb photography. But did you have to split the picture of Bucky Dent between two pages? I carefully razored both halves of the picture out of the magazine and taped them together, and now Dent graces my refrigerator door.

JANET STARR
Norwalk, Conn.

Sir:

Forty whacks with a riding whip for stating that Seattle Slew ended his year with a loss. Slew ended the year and his racing career on Nov. 11 at Aqueduct with a 3/4-length victory in the Stuyvesant Handicap—and under 134 pounds to boot!

JOSEPH CHALOLIX
Florence, S.C.

Sir:

Michigan State's Earvin Johnson may be the Magic Man, but SI upstaged him with a trick of its own. The photograph on page 92 that purportedly shows Johnson dunking is, in fact, a picture of No. 32, Gregory Kiefer. Johnson (No. 33) is that tiny speck in the bottom right-hand corner.

All's forgiven, though. The cover of your 1978-79 college basketball issue (Nov. 27), showing Johnson in full magician's regalia, more than makes up for this snafu.

DAVID S. KAGAN
Grand Rapids

BIRD

Sir:

May a thousand flies descend upon the head of Bruce Newman for his shoddy article on Larry Bird (*Flying to the Top*, Feb. 5). Having been lucky enough to watch Bird on local TV for the past few years, I expected a description of why he is the best college player since Lew Alcindor, with emphasis on his grabbing rebounds and throwing floor-length passes in the same motion, swishing 25-foot

jumpers, making unbelievable tip-ins and over-the-shoulder passes. Instead, the leading sports magazine comes up with flies, a divorce, a suicide and solid waste.

I agree with Bird on the court and off as two separate places, and SI is holding the ball in the wrong court.

MICHAEL PETERS
Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

Bruce Newman contends that Larry Bird has been the best player in college basketball for the past two years. Bird would have trouble carrying Phil Ford's equipment bag. Mike Ginnick would eat him up, and Earvin Johnson would chew him up and spit him out. Come NCAA tournament time, all the cupcakes will be gone and Indiana State will have to play a few real teams. Maybe Bird & Co. can convince me then, but I hope you won't blame me if I don't hold my breath.

DAVID POOLE
Chapel Hill, N.C.

BAFFIN

Sir:

In addition to being accompanied by breathtaking photography, Bill Gilbert's article *Cold Place for a Walk* (Feb. 12), describing the elements and his adventures on Baffin Island, contained such riveting prose that, reading it late in the evening at my job in a small shop, I was reluctant to pull myself back from Baffin whenever a customer came in. I felt exhilarated just reading about such an awesome place and such remarkable people.

ELLIE WISE
Philadelphia

DRUG TESTS

Sir:

As an addendum to your Jan. 29 SCORECARD item on the drug-testing and research program at Cornell's College of Veterinary Medicine, it should be noted that the New York State Racing and Wagering Board has already contracted (on Jan. 18) for pre-race drug testing at the state's thoroughbred tracks.

New York was the first state in the country to mandate pre-race testing for harness tracks (1972), and now, with the start of the summer meet at Finger Lakes in July, a pilot program of pre-race testing will be instituted—the first at a thoroughbred track.

Based on the Finger Lakes experience, the program will later be expanded to include all thoroughbred tracks in New York State.

KENNETH BEN
Director of Public Relations
New York State Racing and
Wagering Board
New York City

Sir:

Pre-race testing has been used on a regular basis in harness racing since 1965, first at Scioto Downs in Ohio and now by all harness tracks in Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and by the larger harness tracks in Ohio. We agree wholeheartedly that pre-race blood testing is a deterrent to the use of illegal medication and prohibited drugs, and we hope that thoroughbred racing will join us quickly and widely in the use of this effective procedure.

STANLEY F. BERGSTEIN
Executive Vice President
Harness Tracks of America, Inc.
Chicago

HOT ITEM

Sir:

Thanks for the article by Frank Deford on Hot Rod Hundley, the voice of the New Orleans Jazz (TV/RADIO, Feb. 5). We Jazz enthusiasts swear by Hot Rod. He is the only sports announcer I have heard who has a refreshingly positive approach to covering sports events. He very rarely takes sides or negatively criticizes when he announces a game. But he does follow the play, understands exactly what is going on, knows the players, and describes the play so succinctly and vividly that hundreds of Jazz fans sit with radios glued to their ears as they watch the action inside the Superdome.

Yes, Hot Rod is "hidden down in New Orleans," as Deford reports, but only because we New Orleans fans know a good thing when we hear it, and we don't want to lose it.

HONNE A. HEAS
New Orleans

INDOOR SOCCER

Sir:

One of your Jan. 29 SCORECARD items refers to the Major Indoor Soccer League in complimentary terms, for which we are grateful. But after admitting that our game is lively and quick and noting that we score an average of nearly 12 goals a game, you ask, "Is it soccer?"

No, it isn't. It's indoor soccer, and that's why it is proving so popular with fans in our six league cities. Don't compare it to soccer or anything else—just sit back and enjoy it.

MICHAEL JAY KALTER
New York Arrows
Great Neck, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10030.



LOOK HOW MUCH LUXURY WE CAN FIT IN A MID-SIZE LEMANS.

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Luxury you can feel in these available, swank 60/40 cloth seats. And a more expansive choice of interior fabrics than last year's Grand LeMans.

Luxury you can hear in the way this acoustically engineered mid-size sur-

rounds you with a sense of quiet. Or with any one of six available stereo systems to surround you with song. And best of all, luxury you can share as Grand LeMans accommodates six.



Several items shown are optional at extra cost. But if you're looking for an affordable mid-size loaded with luxury and powered by a new, freer breathing V6 engine,* buy or lease our Grand LeMans. You'll like the way it fits.

*LeMans is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Pontiac dealer for details.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Introducing
Rich Lights from Viceroy.



Kings and 100's.

The first low 'tar' cigarette good enough
to be called *Rich*.